

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

FEBRUARY 18, 1957

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COVER: JIM KREBS OF SOUTHERN METHODIST
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Top team in the rocketing rise of basketball in Texas is SMU, and the Mustangs depend largely on the player on this week's cover. Jim Krebs is called the best big man in Texas basketball history. For his story and the story of Texas basketball, see pages 30-33.

FRED KNORR BUYS A BALL CLUB

The Detroit Tigers' sceptic ex-president tells ROY TERRELL how he runs a \$5½-million operation

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SPECTACLE: PARTIES, COEDS AND SKIS

Middlebury mixes ski races, girls and parties in the pages of winter weekends. Four pages IN COLOR by RICHARD MEER

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BIG JIM AND THE TEXAS BOOM

It took a long time, but Texas basketball has come of age and so has its best player. By TEX MAULE

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THE GOOD LIFE OF ROUND HILL

In a lovely West Indies retreat, here shown by TONI FRISSELL, a privileged group sets styles for fashions and fun

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BUMP, SPLATTER, SPLASH!

Racing in the mud is California's latest sports car kick. A two-page photograph IN COLOR by PHIL BATH

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THE EPIC OF SPIKE WEBB, PART II

Concluding the life story of the Navy's great boxing coach, NARCI REEDER CAMPION tells of his tournaments at sea, the school of boxing he grew up in, and how he taught the Navy fledglings to fight

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE:

A 9,066 TO 1 SHOT APPROACHES GLORY

Unforgettable pictures of a once obscure foal, now a prominent Derby contender

THE BOXER AND THE BANGER: ROUND 3

A review in color photographs of the first Saxon-Basilie fight, a preview of the next



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Volume 6
Number 7

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
February 18, 1957

Sportswear ILLUSTRATED



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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER



IN THIS ISSUE you will find a portent of spring even more encouraging than the first crocus—as Roy Terrell reports on a question many ask but comparatively few can answer, "What's it like to own a ball club?"

For the answer Terrell went to Fred Knorr, the leader of the group which bought the Detroit Tigers last year, who has the most recent perspective on the matter. After you've read the story, if you're not prepared to take over a club it should be only because in the majors, as Terrell shows, they run a little high these days and the time and effort they consume are immense.

While Terrell was in Detroit with Knorr, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's** Robert Creamer was in Nashua, N.H. on another baseball mission. There's still a good long piece of winter left in Nashua, but for its most renowned citizen spring is almost here. He's George (Birdie) Tebbetts, insurance broker, individualist, public speaker and one of the few men ever named Major League Manager of the Year without having won a pennant.

Next week Tebbetts starts for the Cincinnati Redlegs' camp in sunny Tampa, Fla. Meanwhile, Creamer describes him with his family, neighbors and friends against the snow-covered New England background Tebbetts has known all his life as home. Whatever the qualities which make an outstanding baseball manager, Tebbetts has shown that he has them, and I think you will be interested, as I was, to find in Creamer's closeup that they are as evident off the diamond and in the off season as they are in the thick of a pennant fight. One of these qualities, which he shares with his wife, is good-humored firmness.

When Tebbetts took his departing guest to the station a half hour early, Creamer told him, "Birdie, you don't have to wait for me."

"Oh yes I do," said Tebbetts. "If I get home and then you walk in saying you missed the train, Mary will shoot me. I'm going to be good and sure you're on it, southbound."

Creamer was on it, all right—all the way southbound, in fact. And for the next few weeks, until another baseball season opens, the South is where he'll stay, with Terrell and half a dozen more **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** staff members who will be reporting from on the scene in baseball's spring training camps.

Harry Phillips



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JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX

The Question:

President Eisenhower is concerned about the physical fitness of our youth. Do you have the same problem in your country?

KING SAUD



Saudi Arabia

Although sports are compulsory in all our schools it is scarcely necessary because boys and girls will play if given encouragement.

I, personally, offer various prizes for the winners. The most popular games in Saudi Arabia are swimming, basketball, soccer, tennis and pingpong.

DAG HAMMARSKJÖLD



Secretary General of the U.N.

We do not have the same concern in my country, Sweden. It is natural for us to lead an outdoor life and to engage in sports like skiing, swimming, hiking, etc. In my own case, a Sunday would not be complete without a long hike. Hiking is a good habit for children and adults.

JAWAHRLAL NEHRU



Prime Minister of India

Our problem is much worse, but we are trying hard to improve the physical fitness of our children. There is tremendous interest in field hockey and wrestling but not nearly enough of our youth engages in sports. Now we're encouraging them to compete in all the sports within the Olympic field.

SIR PERCY SPENDER



Australian Ambassador to the U.S.

I'm proud to say that a larger percentage of Australian boys and girls engage in sports than those of any other country. The Olympics proved that. Practically every boy and girl goes in for year-round activities like tennis, swimming, soccer, cricket, rugby, sailing, etc.

DR. CHARLES MALIK



Lebanon Minister of Foreign Affairs and National Education

In Lebanon the children lead an active outdoor life. Our climate, the mountains and the Mediterranean beaches offer sports facilities as fine as any in the world. Lebanese immigrants everywhere are sturdy and healthy law-abiding citizens, due in part to their vigorous youth.

RUDECIINDO ORTEGA



Chilean Ambassador to the U.N.

We have the same problem, and we are so concerned that we are doing something about it. From the lowest schools to the universities we have planned sports. The young people are being encouraged to play soccer, engage in gymnastics, go out for sports of the track and qualify as swimmers.

TALAT BEMLER



Senior Political Advisor to Turkish delegation at the U.N.

Absolutely not. There is no softness among children in Turkey. Since the days of the Turkish Revolution, great prominence has been given to sports. We have sports in schools and in every community. When a Turk becomes a soldier he's already tough. And we make him tougher.

ENRIQUE DE MARCHENA



Ambassador to the U.N. from the Dominican Republic

We have a Director General of Sports who is in charge of sports and physical fitness. Everybody engages in sports, children and older people. We have most of the sports you have in the U.S., but baseball is our great game. We have no worries about the fitness of our children.

DR. WOLFGANG WOLFE



Ambassador to Austrian U.N. Mission

In general, no. We have practically no rejections for military service. Most of the boys engage in some sort of athletics, and the girls too. Skiing is the most popular sport, followed by soccer and swimming. One field in which we can improve a great deal is gymnastics.

NEXT WEEK:

Should there be an open in tennis as there is in golf?



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Long or short sleeves . . . cap, as shown, to match.

about \$4 and \$5

at leading stores everywhere

THE MACK SHIRT CORP.
CINCINNATI 2, OHIO

COMING EVENTS Feb. 15 through Feb. 24

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 15

Basketball

(Leading college games)

Brighton Young vs. Colorado A&M, Ft. Collins
Brown vs. Princeton, Providence
California vs. Idaho, Berkeley
Creighton vs. Washington, Spokane
Dartmouth vs. Penn State, Philadelphia
Seattle vs. Gonzaga, Seattle
Temple vs. Oklahoma, Pittsburgh
UCLA vs. Stanford, Los Angeles

(Professional)

Philadelphia vs. Minneapolis, Philadelphia
St. Louis vs. Boston, St. Louis

Boxing

• Spiller Webb vs. Neal Rownt, middleweights (10 rds.)
• Mad St. Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (NBC)

Skating

Mid-Hudson Winter Carnival, Middletown, NY (through Feb. 17)

Sports Show

National Sports & Vacation Show, New York (through Feb. 24)

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16

Basketball

(Leading college games)

Brighton Young vs. Wyoming, Ft. Collins
California vs. UCLA, Berkeley
Colgate vs. Seton Hall, New York
Connecticut vs. Rhode Island, Storrs
Cornell vs. Columbia, Ithaca
Duke vs. Wake Forest, Durham, N.C.
Iowa State vs. Nebraska, Ames
Kansas State vs. Oklahoma City, Manhattan
Kent State vs. Western, Kent
Michigan vs. Illinois, Ann Arbor
Michigan State vs. New York, Lansing
Missouri vs. Kansas, Columbia, Mo.
North Carolina State vs. Maryland, Raleigh, N.C.
Ohio State vs. Wisconsin, Columbus
Penn State vs. West Virginia, University Park, Pa.
Pittsburgh vs. Navy, Pittsburgh
Tenn. vs. Arkansas, Knoxville
UCLA vs. Stanford, Los Angeles
Vanderbilt vs. Tennessee, Nashville
Vanderbilt vs. Louisville, Louisville
Yale vs. Cornell, New Haven, Conn.

(Professional)

• New York vs. Minneapolis, GKN Regt. Armory, New York
• 7:30 p.m. (NBC)

Boxing

• New York Coast Bell Show, Astoria Park II, (through Feb. 16)

Hockey

• Chicago vs. Boston, Chicago, 2 p.m. (CBS)
• Montreal vs. New York, Montreal
• Toronto vs. Detroit, Toronto

Horse Racing

• Inauguration stakes, \$25,000, 3-yr-olds, 11 8 m., Watch
• Fla. 4:30 p.m. (NBC)
• Santa Margarita Handicap, \$50,000, 3-yr-olds & up, 1 1/4 m., Santa Anita, Calif. (Pacific Network CBS)

Skating

Northwestern States Figure Skating Championships, Butte, Mont. (through Feb. 17)

String

International Cross-Country & Combined Championships, Rehovot, Mach (through Feb. 17)

Treck & Field

New York AC Meet, Mad. Sq. Garden, New York
Southern Conference Indoor Championships, Lexington, Ky.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 17

Auto Racing

• NASCAR Grand National Championships Race, Daytona Beach, Fla. 3 p.m. (Motest)

Tennis

• Pilsen, Rosenwald vs. Gonzalez (Indoor match)
• Mad. Sq. Garden, New York

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 18

Basketball

(Leading college games)

Alabama vs. LSU, Tuscaloosa, Ala.
Bradley vs. Wichita, Peoria, Ill.
Brown vs. Michigan State, East Lansing, Mich.
Indiana vs. Iowa, Bloomington, Ind.
Kentucky vs. Vanderbilt, Lexington, Ky.
Seattle vs. Gonzaga, Seattle
Wake Forest vs. Maryland, Winston-Salem, N.C.

Boxing

• Folley DeMunnis, Sultan Red, welterweights (10 rds.)
• St. Nick's, New York, 10:30 p.m. (DuMont)

Tennis

City of Miami Invitation, Miami (through Feb. 24)

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 19

Basketball

(Leading college games)

North Carolina vs. North Carolina State, Chapel Hill, N.C.
Ohio vs. Texas A&M, Dallas
Virginia vs. Duke, Charlottesville, Va.
(Professional)
New York vs. Boston, Mad. Sq. Garden, New York
St. Louis vs. Rochester, St. Louis

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20

Boxing

• White Postorius vs. Johnny Mallico, heavyweights (10 rds.)
• rfs 1: Louisville, 10 p.m. (ABC)

Rodeo

Tulsa Stock Show & Rodeo, \$18,000 Houston (through March 3)

Tennis

Tulsa USTA Indoor Championships, New York (through Feb. 24)

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21

Boxing

• Houston, Queens Invitational, \$26,000, Houston (through Feb. 24)

• Sacramento, Sacramento Open, \$5,000, Sacramento, Fla. (through Feb. 24)

Rugby

• Ireland Cup, International Doubles, New York

Winter Carnival

• McGill Winter Carnival, Montreal, Que. (through Feb. 23)

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22

Boxing

• Chesapeake Bay Boat Show, Baltimore (through Feb. 27)

• Marine International Boat Show, Miami (through Feb. 27)

• Buffalo, Bull, Travel & Sports Show, Buffalo (through March 2)

Boxing

• Carson, Barlow vs. Johnny Saxon, welterweight title
• 115 rds 3: Cleveland, 10 p.m. (NBC)

Dog Show

• English Dog Club Show, Boston (through Feb. 23)

Skating

• Rock Cup, Aspen, Colo. (through Feb. 24)

Squash Racquets

• National Squash Championships, New York (through Feb. 24)

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23

Boxing

• Heavyweight Race, Birmingham, Wash.

Box Show

• Portland Boat Show, Portland, Ore. (through March 3)

Horse Racing

• Santa Anita Handicap, \$100,000 (capped blood winter), 3-yr-olds & up, 1 1/4 m., Santa Anita, Calif. (Pacific Network CBS)

Boxing

• Welterweight Handicap, \$100,000, 3-yr-olds & up, 1 1/4 m., Watch, Fla. 4:30 p.m. (NBC)

Treck & Field

• Boston AC Championships, Mad. Sq. Garden, New York
• Atlantic Coast Conference Indoor Games, Raleigh, N.C.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 24

Overboard Regatta

• St. Petersburg, Fla.

Skating

• American International, jumping Meet, Ice ME, Mich.

• See local listing

HUNGARIAN OLYMPIANS' ATHLETIC TOUR

Friday, February 15

Hungarian Seniors in competition and gymnasts in exhibition, Madison City, Mo.

Saturday, February 16

Hungarian Seniors and water poloists in competition, Chicago (through Feb. 18)

Sunday, February 17

Hungarian Seniors in competition and gymnasts in exhibition, Denver (through Feb. 18)

Tuesday, February 19

Hungarian Seniors and water poloists in competition, Galveston, Tex.

Wednesday, February 20

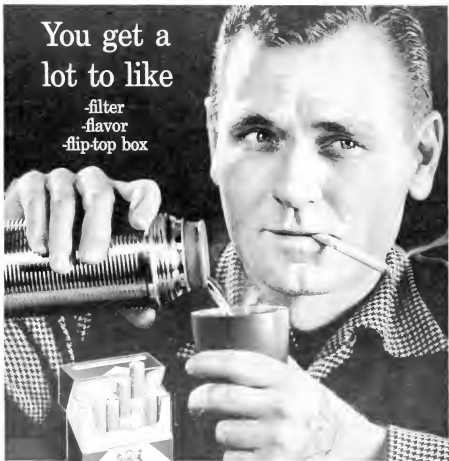
Hungarian Seniors in competition and gymnasts in exhibition, Tulsa

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

February 18, 1957

FRED KNORR BUYS A

A little American boy is supposed to want to grow up to be President but this, as everyone knows, is only a popular fallacy. They really want to grow up to be major league batting champions. However, most American males philosophically abandon this early ambition sometime before reaching maturity.

Yet the dream lingers on, and its inevitable progression is familiar to thousands of middle-aged citizens of a sports-loving nation; since it is no longer possible to play on a major league baseball team, wouldn't it be wonderful to own one? This is basically what happened to a 43-year-old ex-middot ballplayer, ex-piano player and ex-disc jockey named Frederick August Knorr. The 11-man syndicate which he headed bought the Detroit Tigers for \$5½ mil-

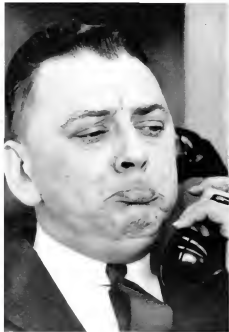
lion, the biggest price in all baseball.

Fred Knorr laughs at any suggestion that the new owners bought the ball club as a \$5½ million toy, but admits: "I guess everyone who ever played the game, or ever loved it as a fan, must sometimes think he would like to own a ball club. I know I always did—although never too seriously." But although Fred Knorr has a tremendous amount of pride in ownership and confidently believes that owning the Tigers really will be fun, he is quite emphatic that neither of these is the primary reason behind the deal. "Our aim," he says, "is to return a profit on our investment. The Detroit baseball club, to each of us, is a business venture."

Knorr, who put up one-third of the purchase price along with his two Detroit associates, Harvey R. Hansen and

William H. McCoy, owns and operates four radio stations in Dearborn, Flint, Saginaw and Jackson. He has an application for a television facility in or near Jackson. He is president of the Fred A. Knorr Insurance Agency. He is also vice-president of Michigan Spot Sales, a radio and television station representative.

John E. Fetter of Kalamazoo, who heads the second group of new owners, is the operating head of six corporations and was one of radio's real pioneers. He also owned one of the first 100 television stations in the country, served as an adviser to the OWI during World War II and later, at General Eisenhower's request, engaged in post-war rehabilitation studies to help clean up the communications problems of a war-ravaged Europe. His partners and



CLUES. AN EGULIENT RAGIDMAN ENTHUSIASTICALLY FINDS TIME TO TAKE ON A NEW JOB: PRESIDENT OF THE DETROIT TIGERS

BALL CLUB

PHOTOGRAPH BY JIMMY K. JAMES

A second-division team for six years, the Tigers are ready to challenge the Yankees with some gifted young players, a fighting manager and 11 owners familiar only with success

by ROY TERRELL

few one-third contributors are Carl E. Lee, vice-president of the Fetzer Broadcasting Company, and Paul A. O'Bryan, a Washington attorney.

The third group is composed of a Texan named Kenyon Brown, a radio-TV-theater-advertising man from Wichita Falls; George L. Coleman, president of a bank—and a lot of other things involving automobiles and radio stations—from Miami, Okla.; Joseph A. Thomas, senior partner in the New York investment firm of Lehman Brothers; R. F. Woolworth of the dime store family; and a man named Harry Lillis Crosby Jr., who sings.

"None of the men in this group," says Knorr, "has ever been associated with failure. We have money to spend and the desire to work. That will be a tough combination to beat."

Fetzer probably has more of his own money in the venture (an estimated \$1 million) than anyone else, and he has been called the strong man of the syndicate—a brilliant executive and planner with a personal philosophy that there is more than one way to do things right. In the table of organization of the new Tiger Baseball Company (see page 12) John Fetzer is chairman of the board—and, aware of the financial hazards involved in recouping \$51 million, an unusually active one at that. But he is the first to point out that Knorr, because of his temperament and personality and boundless energy, "is the Grover Whelan of this organization." There is one other reason why Fred Knorr is the president of the Detroit Tigers: the whole thing was his idea in the first place.

The new president of the Tigers is a big man (6 feet 1 inch, 185 pounds) with wavy brown hair which he parts just to the left of center and combs straight back. At the temples there are a few faint locks of gray. Knorr has light green eyes, a deep, resonant radio voice, a ready smile and a rock-hard handshake; in manner, he is affable almost to the point of ebullience.

He was born in Detroit on July 9, 1913 and has been a Tiger fan as long as he can remember ("My father used to take me to see games when I was 6 years old"). He played baseball himself at Central High and as a sandlotter at Northwestern Field, a catcher who by his own admission "couldn't hit much" but liked the activity behind the plate. He still proudly displays a

continued on next page

KNORR BUYS A BALL CLUB

continued from page 11

stumpy right thumb which is a memento of a foul tip in his 14th year, and he can be pardoned if he feels there is a certain symbolism attached to the fact that the new Tiger manager, Jack Tighe, and Fetzer (who has a broken nose as evidence of his schoolboy days behind the bat) were catchers, too, and that the fate of this ball club is somehow bound up with men who wear masks. The only four Detroit teams to win pennants in the last 47 years were managed by catchers (Mickey Cochrane in 1934-35, Del Baker in 1940 and Steve O'Neill in 1945).

But early in his college days, tight on the heels of the Depression, Knorr, under the name of Fred Kaye, went to work as a pianist in a 16-piece dance band. The Knorrs had been insurance men for two generations, but by the time he graduated, the entertainment world had too much of a hold on young Fred; in 1937, at the age of 23, he won an audition sponsored by Detroit Radio Station WJBK and went to work at \$27.50 a week as the regular announcer from midnight to 8 in the

morning. "They didn't call us disc jockeys in those days," says Knorr, "but I guess that's what I was."

After a year and a half he went to WHLS in Port Huron as sports announcer and in another 18 months he returned to Detroit as program director (where he occasionally relieved Harry Heilmann during broadcasts of Tiger games) and eventually became assistant to the president of WMBC.

Before he had been out of college quite 10 years—and with less than \$10,000 in personal capital—Knorr opened his own station with financial backing from Hansen and McCoy.

A FAMILY OF FANS

Today, Fred Knorr lives in a large and lovely two-story white stucco house—with swimming pool attached—on five acres of land in suburban Bloomfield Hills, a wealthy residential section only 30 minutes by Cadillac from Briggs Stadium and downtown Detroit. He has a charming wife named Nell (who played shortstop in high school) and an equally charming 13-year-old daughter named Nancy Lou (who pitches for Kingswood School). Another daughter, 5-year-old Mary

Katherine (Katy), and a 3-year-old son, Frederick August III (Butch), are too young to pay much attention to baseball now—but someday almost certainly will.

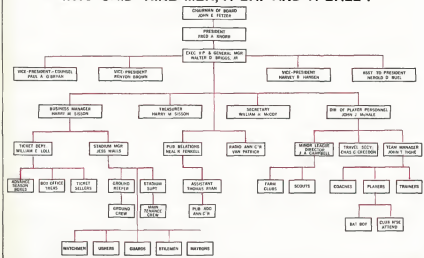
"I don't believe there are two bigger Tiger fans in the country," says Knorr, "than Nell and Nancy Lou. When we bought the Tigers they were thrilled to death—which is more than I can say the last time we bought a radio station."

It is well that the two ladies approve. Now that Fred's baseball duties are added to an already top-heavy schedule of business (about 12 hours a day at his Dearborn offices at WKMH) and civic interests, his family scarcely sees him any more.

"I used to think," Knorr will tell you, "that owning a radio station was like living in a glass house. I didn't know anything until we bought this ball club."

People stop him now on the street to complain about the way the Tigers are playing ball. A waiter in Detroit told him, "Mr. Knorr, you better get that ball club up in the first division quick." "Why?" asked Knorr. "Because if you don't," the waiter said, "I'm

WHO SAID 'NINE MEN, A BAT AND A BALL'?



ORGANIZATIONAL CHART of Tiger Baseball Company graphically portrays complex structure of modern major league team and almost defies reader to locate what is normally considered its raison

d'être: the team manager and his players. Knorr and Fetzer point out that key jobs belong to Briggs and his two top assistants—Harry M. Sison (business) and John J. McHale (players).

gonna lose 50 hucks." He also receives free advice by the bushel and letters by the hundreds. One man complained that he had been telling Spike Briggs for years what was wrong with the Tigers and had never received any satisfaction. "Now I'm going to try you," the letter said and ran on with six pages of explicit instructions as to pitching rotation, player deals and possible changes in the farm system. And Knorr's appointment pad is covered with commitments to speak at dinners, banquets and social functions from one end of the state to the other.

"Several years ago," he says, "when people in the radio business were being bothered by Communist propagandists, I had an unlisted phone installed at the house. I'm not so sure it was absolutely necessary then—but it sure is now."

"Baseball," confirmed Fetzner, "has changed our household completely. I think I'll get an unlisted number myself."

Knorr and Fetzner have unlimited confidence in the ability of Spike Briggs—the man they retained in the dual role of general manager and vice-president in charge of operations after they bought his ball club—as a baseball man. They like their new role and expect to have fun. Before, when each was a fan, they used to talk about possible trades in the same way as other fans. "You know," says Knorr: "Why don't they trade so-and-so for so-and-so? That sort of thing. Now we say, 'Why don't we trade so-and-so for so-and-so?' It's amazing how much difference one little pronoun can make."

"Of course," he adds modestly, "we don't really do any trading. That's Spike's job. But it's fun to talk, just the same."

Both men expect to devote quite a bit of time to the Tigers. Knorr will go to spring training on a full-time basis, moving his family to a home in Mountaintop Lake, and commute from there daily to the Tiger camp at Lakeland, some 35 miles away. And when the team swings into the regular season, Knorr expects to watch it in action every day at home.

"I may travel with them some, too," he says, "and when I can't get around I'll be in constant touch with Spike or John McHale or Muddy Ruel."

And when he can't get to the ball game, Knorr will do as he has done in the past: listen to it on the radio or, if the game is televised, switch on his set, turn down the volume and listen to the play-by-play by Van Patrick on the radio. "I get more information that



IN BRIGGS STADIUM OFFICE, new owners, Fetzner (right) and Knorr talk baseball with new manager, Tighe, who has already promised Detroit a team that will run faster, fight harder—and finish no worse than second in the 1957 American League pennant race.

way," he explains, "and it also helps me monitor our announcers."

Fetzner has already discovered that owning a ball club sometimes qualifies one for certain privileges other than those of getting into the games free of charge or talking trades in the first person. On a recent mission to Europe as State Department consultant on the effect of Russian propaganda transmitters in East Germany against the besieged Hungarians, Fetzner was questioning a Hungarian refugee who had just escaped to the Austrian border. A security officer walked up behind him, listened for a moment and interrupted the conversation.

"I don't know this man," he said. "He might be a Communist agent."

"Oh, no," said another member of the American mission. "That's John Fetzner. He's one of the new owners of the Detroit Tigers."

"Oh," said the officer. "Well, he must be all right then."

A MATTER OF MORAL OBLIGATION

As Knorr and Fetzner and the rest know, however, it is not all fun and privileges. There are vast responsibilities, too. One of these is to a man who has been dead now for five years, Walter O. Briggs Sr. Spike's father, a fabulously wealthy Detroit industrialist, bought into the ball club back in 1920, and by 1935 he owned it completely. Upon the Tigers he lavished his love and affection, and for Detroit and its baseball fans he felt a great sense of civic pride.

"We appreciate the way Mr. Briggs felt," says Knorr, "because that is the way we feel, too."

Another responsibility, of course, is to themselves, to recoup the tremendous financial outlay they made to get the club in the first place. (Some other recent major league selling prices: Brooklyn Dodgers, \$2,115,000 over a six-year period in 1943-49; New York Yankees, \$2,800,000, including valuable real estate in Newark and Kansas City, in 1945; Pittsburgh Pirates, \$2,300,000 in 1946; Cleveland Indians, \$1,519,000 in 1946 and \$2,200,000 in 1949; St. Louis Cardinals, \$4,060,000 in 1947—but because of debts only \$1,860,000 net—and \$4,530,000 in 1953; St. Louis Browns, \$2,443,000 in 1949 and \$2,475,000 in 1953; Philadelphia Athletics, \$3,500,000 in 1954.) In the beginning, in Fetzner's words, they "sat quietly by, at the feet of people who did know baseball and tried to learn fast."

It is an arrangement that has worked out well. The new owners sat at the feet of Briggs and McHale and Harry Sisson, the Tiger business manager who for years was considered the financial wizard of Mr. Briggs's empire, and learned the intricacies and inner workings of the game. Even sitting, they have managed to convey the impression of men in motion. Some of the winter's accomplishments:

1. Selection of Jack Tighe as manager to succeed Bucky Harris from among three major candidates submit-

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KNORR BUYS A BALL CLUB

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ted and recommended highly by Briggs and McHale. Tighe, a bald-headed vegetarian who once took a lie-detector test to prove that he did not spit on an umpire while managing Buffalo in the International League, never made it to the majors as a player but had a background of 20 years in baseball and 16 of those in the Tiger system. "We had the greatest personal admiration and even fondness for Bucky," says Fetzner, "but we realized, just as he did, that the ball club wasn't showing enough spirit. We felt it needed a younger, more forceful man in charge. We felt that Tighe was that man."

2) Increase in income from radio and television rights from \$375,000 to \$450,000. Tiger games this year will be carried on 32 radio and seven TV stations. "We are radio and television men," says Fetzner, "and in owning a baseball team we are also endowing ourselves with an important part of our own show business."

3) Increase in ticket prices at the two upper levels, with box seats up from \$2.50 to \$3 and reserved seats from \$1.75 to \$2. "I was against increasing prices the first year the new owners had the club," says Briggs. "I thought it might not look right. However, I'll admit \$5½ million is a lot of scratch to recover and this is the logical place to start. The increase actually just brings us into line with the rest of the league. I guess they are right; it's something I should have done two years ago."

4) Increase in night games from 14 to 21. "Detroit is a highly industrialized area," points out Knorr, "and factory workers just can't slip off in the middle of the afternoon to see a ball game." Last year the Tigers' attendance at night averaged 29,146; for day games it was 11,088.

5) Location, for the first time, of ticket offices in out-state towns, with the eventual hope of matching the rather startling crowds the Milwaukee Braves have been so successful in attracting from all over Wisconsin. "Our mail-order business this year," says Spike Briggs, "is up 100%, already."

The new owners are convinced they have made a wise investment. An eighth-place team as late as 1952, the Tigers paid dividends to stockholders after the 1955 season for the first time in 20 years (on an estimated net income of \$250,000 to \$300,000, not counting another \$150,000 from the Detroit Lions for rental of Briggs Stadium dur-

ing the football season). Ball clubs are notoriously closemouthed about their finances but Briggs will say that 1956 was "even better."

Harry Sison calls \$3,100,000 in gross income the "break-even point" and says the Tigers can hit this by drawing one million customers at home and two-thirds of that number on the road. Only once in the past 12 years have they failed to meet these figures but, of course, in the past the payoff was reduced sharply by payments on the new stadium and Mr. Briggs's predilection for plowing everything back into improvements. Last year the Tigers drew 1,051,182 at home and 1,079,842 on the road.

Knorr and Fetzner are well aware of the tremendous costs involved in the operation of a major league team. They knew the Tigers spend something like \$500,000 a year on the minor league system alone, a figure which does not include the salaries and expenses of a vast scouting staff or the cost of signing young ballplayers—and the Tigers have been known to dish out some pretty fat bonuses. This, of course, is before one even gets into the big league team itself. There they spend an approximate \$400,000 on player salaries, and with such young stars as Kaline and Kuenn and Hoefft and Lary zooming toward greater stardom, the price is rising every year. Stadium upkeep averages \$100,000 a year, there is an expense of almost the same amount from spring training, club travel during a season costs almost \$200,000, and there is always the possibility of the need—or chance—for sudden major league player purchases. There are also league expenses and one of the biggest items of all: administrative costs which include not only salaries of all the front-office workers but of the major executives as well.

All this the new owners realize, but they are quite confident of their ability to keep the Tigers moving upward, to spend money as, and when, it needs spending and to meet any crisis that may arise. "We are not really worried," says Fetzner, "about meeting next week's payroll."

They borrowed to make the deal, of course, using the stadium as collateral for about \$1 million but, as Knorr points out, this is in no way an indication of a shoestring operation; it is simply good business in an inflationary period and follows an up-to-date financial pattern.

The new corporation is built on a sound financial structure and to assure success—to bring in the fans and their



FRED KNORR STANDS IN SNOW-COVERED

dollars—they have to look no farther than the single biggest asset of all: a good young ball club that is on the way up.

True, the Detroit Tigers share with the Indians, White Sox and Red Sox the perennial problem of the American League—that of finding a way to catch up with the Yankees. But Detroit seems to be improving faster than anyone else. Down around .447 at the All-Star Game break last summer and 17 games behind New York, the Tigers came along with a rush in the last half of the season, playing .615 ball and winning 48 of their last 78 games. This still left them in fifth place, 15 games behind the Yankees but only six behind the second-place Indians and just two games out of the first division. With this in mind, even before the teams report for spring training, it has become quite fashionable throughout the league to point out that the Tigers are the real dark-horse team of '57.



BRIGGS STADIUM AND WARMLY ENVISIONS HOT SUMMER DAY WHEN THE PARK WILL BE GREEN AND BULGING WITH 58,000 FANS

While no one believes too seriously that they can catch the Yankees, there seems little doubt that Tighe's ball club is perfectly ready to give it a whale of a try.

Last year three regulars, Maxwell, Kaline and Kuenn, hit over .300 (there were only 14 .300 hitters in the entire league) and an 18-year-old bonus rookie named Jim Small whacked major league pitching for a .319 average in 58 games. Two pitchers, Hoelt and Lary, made up one-third of the league's 20-game winners and a third, Paul Foytack, won 15. "With that bunch," a disgruntled fan said last fall, "it took some real managing to finish in the second division."

How much better the managing will be under Tighe remains to be seen, but it is almost certain that the Tigers will look more like tigers in '57. "He's a real fighter," points out Knorr, "and that's why we got him." *

Tighe will also have more to work

with. Some of his younger ballplayers have matured a little, and the shift of Ray Boone, the big but not-so-agile slugger, from third base to first was made possible by a trade which brought Jim Finigan to Detroit from Kansas City. With Kuenn, now over a 1950 foot injury, ready to go again full speed at short and Frank Bolling considered one of the most promising young second basemen in the business, the infield appears well set, a good-hitting lineup and an adequate if not exactly brilliant one defensively. Thoughts of Kaline, Maxwell and either Jim Tittle (who might just as well stay at home if he reports to Tighe as overweight as last year) or Small in the outfield cause the new manager no sleepless nights at all, and Red Wilson and Jim House are adequate catchers. Two veteran first basemen, Earl Torgeson and Eddie Robinson, furnish dependable pinch-hitting, and smooth-fielding, young Reno Bertoia gives a

certain amount of depth to the infield.

Tighe knows three good starting pitchers, even three as good as his, are not enough, but at least they provide a healthy nucleus. He hopes to find another from among a crew which includes Jim Bunning, Duke Maas, Hal Woodeshick and half a dozen more, and he also hopes Relief Pitchers Al Aber and Steve Groenck are ready for at least one more good year. If pitching is Detroit's biggest question mark, however, the development of pitchers has long been Jack Tighe's most impressive function. The Tigers, from almost any angle, look good.

"Do you think they'll win the pennant?" Knorr and Fetzer were asked last week.

"Well," said Fetzer, grinning, "we'll be aiming at it."

Informed that this wasn't exactly original, he added: "Tighe says flatly that we'll finish second. For a manager, that is pretty original." (END)

PARTIES, COEDS AND SKIS

Take 750 men and 500 coeds, add ski racing, hockey, an ice show and four days of parties, and the outcome is the gayest of winter weekends: the Middlebury Carnival

PHOTOGRAPHED BY RICHARD MEEK

WHEN a snowstorm hits a ski race, it's usually time to call the race and send the crowd home. However, the whipping blizzard shown opposite, sweeping through the Middlebury College Winter Carnival slalom race in Vermont last year, served mostly to show that some enthusiasms cannot be chilled.

Far from letting the snow stop them, the racers at last year's carnival skied merrily through the swirl. Three hundred students were still rooting when the last skier skidded through the mark to the final slalom gate. This was real winter carnival spirit.

Middlebury's annual fiesta has two poles of attraction: topflight college ski races and the biggest campus parties of the year. But there is a noticeable link between the two. The bundled-up collegians in our picture were probably also the last to leave after four

hours of dancing in ski clothes at the Klondike Rush that night, and it is likely they were among the bitter-enders who mixed tapering-off milk punch for the Sunday afternoon parties that traditionally wind up the weekend.

Officially, the carnival consists of the ski races, a hockey game, a basketball game, two dances and an ice show, but the bare catalog of events doesn't really convey the flavor of Middlebury at carnival time. You are more likely near the heart of the matter late at night when the party is down to last-ditch rye iced with hard snow from the bottom of the drift outside the door. Or in the flashes of college humor ("John, come over here and show us your new gray flannels. My, how Ivy League. John, did you get plaid shorts to go underneath?"). Or in the high spirits and unflagging physiques of those who danced four hours at the formal, ran all the way to the dorms to nip the 2 a.m.



CARNIVAL PAIR IN SKI TOGS WALKS PAST CHARTER HOUSE

deadline for coeds and then got out in the early-morning sun to pole their skis on car tops and head for the Middlebury Snow Bowl, 13 miles into the Green Mountain National Forest.

Nearly everyone skis at Middlebury. At least 60 of the students have racing ratings from the Eastern Amateur Ski Association and would rather make the ski team than play halfback on the varsity. Then, of course, there are the coeds, who make a few tentative turns on gentler inclines and call it a day. But it's still skiing, and as one Middlebury man put it, "For a girl, it's almost better to be a skier than good-looking."

Skiing is not minor sport at Middlebury. It is the sport. And the carnival is the big home game for the ski team, with Dartmouth as the traditional rival among the New England colleges entered.

Middlebury and Dartmouth almost always rank as the first two colleges in eastern skiing and among the top four in the country. A completely successful carnival is one in which Middlebury beats Dartmouth.

Last year Middlebury lost. In a climactic battle on the Snow Bowl jumping hill, with 2,000 spectators watching and cars parked for three miles down the road (see next page), New Hampshire's Jon Risman bested Middlebury's Norm Cummings after each broke the carnival jump record twice, and as a result Dartmouth won by .4 of a point.

This year Coach Sheehan has been out at the Bowl since the first snow, working his team. Last weekend at the Dartmouth Carnival, Dartmouth took Middlebury handily, but this doesn't mean a thing. As Coach Sheehan said, "We're coming back to surprise them at our carnival this weekend."

—MORT LUND

Blizzard at the slalom race (right) failed to cool the spirit of collegians and racers





Jostling through small traffic jam of spectators' cars, a colorful crowd of Middlebury students and their dates heads



beck toward the campus past a lovely grove of Norway spruce after the day's competition on the ski jumping hill



Climax of carnival for Alpha Tau Omega house was down-on-the-farm jazz session put on by Williams College band

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

HOW NOT TO STOP WILT CHAMBERLAIN • TOLEDO PLANS

THE U.S. OPEN HOUSE • BLACK COFFEE FOR GRAY MARES

• HOOK, LINE AND G STRING • THE FIVE-MUSKRAT MINUTE

YOU CAN'T WIN 'EM ALL

BASKETBALL'S equivalent of the no-hit, no-run game happened the other night in Detroit: All Saints High School (reserves) beat St. Casimir's (reserves) 62-0. "Merry," said Father Paul Sierocki, athletic director at St. Casimir's, "I wanted to call it a day after the third quarter. . . . But we're building for next year."

ROCK 'N' WILT

WILT CHAMBERLAIN, the University of Kansas' tall basketball player, may have a weakness, but Nebraska Coach Jerry Bush is willing to join the legions today who are convinced it is not perceptible.

Bush tried to kindle his own team—and perhaps upset Wilt's basketball rhythm—with the help of Nebraska's 100-piece marching band the other night. "Brahms, Bach and Sousa have to go," Bush decreed. In place of *Stars and Stripes Forever* and the *Washington Post March*, Bush persuaded the band to play *Riff Interlude*, *When the Sultans Go Marching In* and *Rock Around the Clock*.

Bush made one disastrous miscalculation. He failed to note from scouting reports that Chamberlain's favorite pastime—after shooting baskets and driving his car—is listening to his collection of more than 100 records, mostly jump. More observant fans detected that the beat was backfiring during the pregame warmup. Chamberlain's sizable left foot was beating a strong tap-tap-tap to the jump music. By tipoff time, Wilt was rocking. He rolled in 26 points by game's end, and Kansas had a comfortable 69-54 victory.

"Man, I went for that heavy beat in

a big way," Wilt said after the game as he signed autographs for Lincoln's small fry. "You know, I got quite a few rock 'n' roll records myself." Bush and his Cornhuskers found out too late. But they have done basketball a slight service by proving one more way not to stop Chamberlain.

IN WINTER SLUMBER

THESE WINTERY DAYS a white shawl of snow covers the rolling contours of the Inverness golf course. Inside the nearly empty clubhouse only a skeleton staff is on duty to dust the furniture and trophies while occasionally in a dim corner of the banquet room two elderly members will be hunched over their game of gin rummy as a third

stands by to kibitz. Inverness seems to be in deep, silent hibernation, but there is a restless twitching to its slumber, and the nearby city of Toledo (Glass Capital of the World) feels it. In just four months Inverness will be the eager, frenetic host to the U.S. Open golf championship.

Scratch the average Toledo businessman, and you will scratch a member of this or that "committee for the national open." One group of committeemen have already sold \$62,000 worth of tickets with the help of bookies, taxi drivers, bankers and brokers, and they expect to peddle another \$60,000 worth to large corporations who will pass them out to their good customers or anyone else they may want to

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CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

• Protective Tariffs for Sport?

Olympic Champion Toni Sailer will be in Aspen next month for the U.S. Ski Championships—but only as a spectator. Reason: in a sport riddled with the equivalent of protective tariffs, Austrian and American ski fathers have not yet reached a reciprocity agreement allowing nationals of one country to compete in the championships of the other.

• Football TV & the Status Quo

Unmoved by various state legislatures (Ohio, Indiana) stumping for open television of college football games—or by a Big Ten proposal for no controls other than a three-appearance limit—the NCAA asks its 473 member schools this week to approve a 1967 plan that should be fundamentally the same as last year's.

• Le Mans in a Pinch

The Sebring (Fla.) 12-hour event March 23 may be the biggest thing in automobile racing this year. Europeans, fearing the Le Mans 24-hour race won't take place this year because of the pinch on gasoline, are sending top entries to Sebring.

• Wyoming in a Precedent

Wyoming University may have set a defense precedent against contract-jumping football coaches. Caught in the switch between Wyoming and a "withholding" clause in the 3-year contract of its new coach Bob Daverny. A portion of his salary will be withheld each month. If he jumps, he forfeits the amount withheld.

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butter up. Other committees are painting signboards and scoreboards, distributing posters for store windows (no self-respecting Toledo store would be without one), selling ads for the program and otherwise making sure that the 1957 Open will be the greatest boon to Toledo since the creation of Lake Erie.

A 57-year-old broker named James J. Secor kindled this flaming civic desire. Three years ago after 30 personal visits to USGA officials he landed the open for Toledo. Then he drafted 250 of the city's business peers—follows



like Robert A. Stramhan, Jr. (spark-plugs) and Jules Lippman (textile leather)—to man the 22 committees. "You got to work to make an open a success," explained Secor, who has had to abandon his leisurely winter routine of playing bridge, shooting a few ducks and fishing for bass in southern waters. "You can't sit on your tail and wait for people to come to you. And you've got to appeal to the public. They're the ones that pay the freight. How do you appeal to the public? Well, you put up plenty of ladies' rest rooms right on the course—no standing in line. Another thing you do is put up major league scoreboards, call out the United States Marines, sell beer for 20 cents, anything that'll give the public a better time out there on the course."

Among Secor's more spectacular public accommodations will be a huge 16-by-40-foot scoreboard at the 18th green, manned by a crew of four men who will be in walkie-talkie contact with a battalion of marines following the players. Five other scoreboards will be spotted around the course. "At this national open," says Secor, "it will be possible for a fellow to sit in the bar or sit in a tree and follow the whole thing."

There are equally vital arrangements that most people won't even notice. For instance, Toledo has a city ordinance which forbids anyone pulling into town in an autotrailer rig from hooking up to city gas, water and electric lines for a period of less than 30 days. Secor had a little chat one morning with Mayor Olie Carlucci and came away remarking that "the mayor didn't make any promises, but I got the idea that the police will be looking

the other way when the pros pull up in their trailers."

The cordial hospitality of Toledo should come as no surprise to golfers who know anything about its golfing past. For it was at Inverness that they played the 1920 Open—the one in which Harry Vardon, at the age of 56, came in second to his fellow countryman Ted Ray for England's last victory in this event. An expensive cathedral clock stands in the Inverness clubhouse as a memento of that tournament, a gift from the pros themselves who for the first time were permitted to use the facilities of a clubhouse. Inscribed on the clock is a verse by a grateful but now-forgotten balladeer from their ranks who wrote:

*God reward men for what they are,
Not what in wealth possess;
This tribute message chimes afar.
The tour of Inverness.*

This year Inverness will have a new complexion thanks to the recent facelifting it received from Dick Wilson, the golf architect who has designed such dream courses as the new Meadowbrook (SI, Oct. 31, 1955). Fairway traps and bunkers have been moved out to catch the bigger drives of the pros; the greens have been regraded and threatening new traps carved into their edges. Now with the Inverness course mulching and settling into place under its winter mantle, it is maturing toward perfection. Once the pins are placed in the greens by the USGA tournament committee just before play starts on June 13, it should be ready for the best of golf. "We think it'll be a tough course," Secor says with a small glint in his eye. "But hell, this is the championship. This is the big apple."

All Toledo agrees.

OATS, HAY AND COFFEE

EVERY MORNING, in a barn at Pimlico, Dr. John Herculson shares his gallon pot of coffee with a mare named Little Hussey. The doctor takes a cupful with sugar; the mare takes a quart without. Neither uses cream. Often the two are joined by Leo Cezar, who has charge of Little Hussey. It is a business rather than a social occasion, for both Mr. Cezar and Dr. Herculson (who is a chemist) are employees of the Maryland Racing Commission, and they ply Little Hussey with coffee only because they expect something in return.

Their object is to find out just how much coffee a horse must drink before a urinalysis will show caffeine. In the

past, certain trainers or owners have blandly explained the presence of caffeine in their horses' urine by saying that people visiting the barns emptied their coffee cups into hay which the horses ate. The racing commissioners were skeptical of these stories, of course, but had no data with which to disprove them. So Little Hussey, a maternally brood mare of 12, was called in.

Dr. Herculson brews the coffee himself. The brand, which his wife recommended, is Luzianne (regular grind). Little Hussey had to be fed through a tube at first, but she quickly learned to like coffee. Now Mr. Cezar just squirts it in her mouth with a big syringe



and she tosses her head, rolls an appreciative eye and swallows. She prefers it not to be too hot. In fact, lukewarm is just about right.

A veterinarian, checking Little Hussey's pulse and respiration, has found them unaffected by the morning coffee. The experiment is to run for six weeks altogether and has several days yet to go. Dr. Herculson will not reveal what his urinalyses show until all the evidence is in, but he does say that coffee produces no visible external effect in the mare. "However," he adds, "the purpose of giving a horse caffeine would not be to make it run faster than it can, but to make it feel like running."

For all he knows, Little Hussey may feel that she could never again get through the gray winter mornings without her quart of coffee. Perhaps, when her service to breeding and to science is ended and she is sent into retirement, it will be not only to green pastures and warm sun but also to a stable with a hot plate and a coffee pot and a supply of Luzianne. Regular grind.

GYPSY AND THE MUSKIE

GYPSY ROSE LEE for whom H. L. Mencken coined the word edgymast (from the Greek, one who sheds), is celebrated as the first lady of the striptease. Through the years, however, she has also strutted her talents on a variety of stages and subjects. She has been the author of two murder mysteries, several plays and magazine and newspaper pieces; she once planned to buy and publish the *Police Gazette*; she has been a songwriter (*I Can't Strip to Brahms*); a vice-president of the

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"Now remember, the guy you're gonna get will be wearing a wide-angle yellow-tinted face mask, red double-tank buoy, green frogman flippers and carrying a videarm arbalette. He'll be diving off the Nellie B, in about half an hour. After you pick up his trail, go down about 20 feet, where he enters the slaphorn reef. Trail him through the coral formations for about 15 feet; then, as he's going past them ara anamona, pow! let him have it!"

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

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Greenwich Village Humane League; a champion of organized labor and Manhattan shade trees; and a reader of *Proust* ("a regular drug").

But it wasn't until she appeared on Edward R. Murrow's television program, *Person to Person*, last week that the public discovered that Gypsy was also a fisherman. The revelation went like this:

Murrow: What do you do in your spare time when you're on the road?

Gypsy: I fish.

Murrow: Fish?

Gypsy: Yes.

Murrow: Are you a casual or a devoted fisherman?

Gypsy: Well, why don't we go upstairs and look at my tackle box . . . ?

Accepting the invitation, the CBS cameras followed Gypsy to the fourth floor of her New York townhouse, where she displayed her tackle and the mounted head of a muskellunge on which she discoursed intimately.

Gypsy: This is a muskellunge. I caught him in Wisconsin. Look at those teeth. They go all the way down the back of the throat.

Murrow: Would you rather fish for muskies or for salmon, Gypsy?

Gypsy: Well, I don't know. I love fishing for both of them. I think they're wonderful but there's something about catching a muskie that's, well—well, pretty wonderful.

Murrow: What happened to the rest of that one?

Gypsy: We ate it.

Murrow: You know, I've never caught a muskie.

Gypsy: Oh well, Ed, don't feel too badly about it, darling. Some people have fished for years and haven't caught one. They're elusive. Oh, when you've tied on to one, you really know you're fishing. You know what they do, Ed? It's a peculiar thing. You know, you fish with suckers.

Murrow: Yes.

Gypsy: Live bait with a harness. Both hands. You don't cast for muskies. You heave. Retrieving action. Bring your rod back with a retrieving action, and when it takes the fish he goes right down to the bottom of the lake in the weeds.

Murrow: Yes?

Gypsy: And he plays with it, and he toys with it and he scales it. And in the meantime, all the other fish gather around because he's showing off. I know he is! I know he's down at the bottom of the lake just showing off with this

fish and when he decides that he's had a big enough audience, then he turns it around in his mouth and swallows it, and that's when you have to set your hook.

Murrow: You know, you're the first person I've ever known who knew what a muskie did down there in the water.

Gypsy: Oh, I've analyzed it.

SPORTSMAN IN RETROSPECT

FIFTY YEARS AGO, when Picasso, Matisse and their friends were first standing the art world on its head—and as every artist knew, Paris was the place to go—a young Ohican named George Bellows was painting too.

But Bellows never joined the trek to Paris. For one thing he had been too busy attending Ohio State University and playing varsity baseball and basketball. When he did settle down to study art (in New York) he paid part of his expenses by playing semipro baseball (shortstop) in Brooklyn. The American scene, which he saw with vigor and in strong light, fascinated him more than the boulevards of Paris.

The triumphant survival of George Bellows' art, and of his discerning eye, is attested once more in Washington just now, where the National Gallery of Art is displaying 150 of his oils and lithographs in the first one-man retrospective show in the gallery's history. Bellows died in 1925 at the age of 42.

On the gallery walls, along with Bellows' famous portraits and landscapes, hang some of the finest appraisals of sport ever painted. In an era when boxing was illegal in New York except in private clubs, Bellows and his cronies used to visit a club run by Tom Sharkey, an ex-sailor and pugilist. From that period of his life stem some of his

most famous canvases. *Stag at Sharkey's* and *Both Members of This Club* have the impact of a gloved fist on the viewer. The garish lights, the heaving bodies, the blur of cigar smoke are as alive today as when he painted them in the first decade of this century. His *Drumsey and Firpo* (SI, Jan. 10, 1955), which belongs to the Whitney Museum in New York City, is one of the most famous fight pictures in the world.

A summer spent near Newport inspired paintings of tennis at the famous Casino, and visits on an estate in New Jersey produced some lively scenes of polo. Gregarious, affable, with a spontaneous sense of humor and utter disdain for the idea that to be an artist one must be an ascetic, George Bellows enjoyed the challenge of contest and the exhilaration of sports.

He had not been long married when his young bride took him out to play golf on a new course near her family's home in Montclair, N.J. All went well for a while until Bellows, used to making hearty shouts across the net to his tennis opponents and to "talking up" the infield chatter of a baseball game, could no longer stand the peaceful stillness of the velvety greens and the genteel *sotto voce* of the players.

"Emma," he said, "I don't like this game. It's too quiet." He never played again, and golf lost what might have been—loving analysis in paint by George Bellows.

THE BARRIER REMAINS

ELIHU ABBOTT, a muskrat skinner from the Eastern Shore of Maryland, roused muskrat skimmers everywhere last week by skinning three rats in 40.2 seconds (new world record) during preliminaries of the National Muskrat Skinning Championships at Cambridge, Md. Not only was it a triumph for Abbott's foot-and-floor technique (one foot on the rat's tail), but it raised visions among muskrat skimmers of something long anticipated: five muskrats skinned in under one minute—the equivalent, in its way, of the under-four-minute mile.

Alas, in the finals, Abbott disappointed. The winning time for the five-rat competition, won by Russell Insley of Seward, Md., was a poky 1:19.2. There were extenuating circumstances, of course; the winter has been warmish on the Eastern Shore and muskrats have lacked firmness. Abbott was disconsolate, nonetheless. He doubted, he said, that anyone would ever skin five rats in one minute—the dream was just too big.



CASUAL TYPE

Goodie's stick
Is getting fatter;
He's idle, calm
And quite a whittler.

—F. E. WHITE

HEARTBREAK ON HIGH

An evening of incandescent moments at the Millrose Games reached its peak in this splendid instant when jumper Bob Gutowski appeared to clear a record 15 feet 9 inches—but then the bar came tumbling down. Like Bob Richards, he cleared a still notable 15 feet 6

PHOTOGRAPH BY [unreadable]

15
9





CROSSING THE BAR, Richards looks to pit after clearing 15 feet on his way to evening's top of 15 feet 6 inches.



TOP VAULTERS Richards and Gutowski congratulate each other on making the finest climbs of their careers.

PLUMMETING disconsolately, Richards fails in his bid for a record. He has cleared 15 feet 109 times in six years.



RON DELANY outlegs László Tabori to the finish of the Wana-maker Mile in 4:06.7. Although the Hungarian led the field into

the final 200 yards, he could not match Delany's closing sprint, which carried him from eight yards back to an easy victory.



ANNIE SOWELL glides out of the final turn for the tape ahead and a 1:56.3 indoor world-record clocking for the 880-yard run,

as Tom Courtney desperately tries to overtake him. It was eighth consecutive time that Sowell has beaten Courtney on boards.

THE AVERAGE MAN GETS A



FORTE OUTFOXES FLABBERCASTED TOM SARGENT (20), WHO RUSHES HEADLONG DOWN COURT, BY LEAPING IN MID-STRIDE FOR A JUMP SHOT.

NEW HERO—HE'S 5 FOOT 9

In an age of basketball giants the man of average stature has little opportunity to rejoice or excel. But his champion has now dribbled forth—Columbia's 5-foot 9-inch Chet Forte (left), who, momentarily, wrested the big-college scoring lead from 7-foot Wilt Chamberlain last week when he scored 36 points against Yale. One man's fancy feats, however, do not always win ball games, as Yale's Johnny Lee and Company (below) demonstrated by defeating the Lions 103-87. Now turn the page and meet the derrick-high hero of the great Southwest

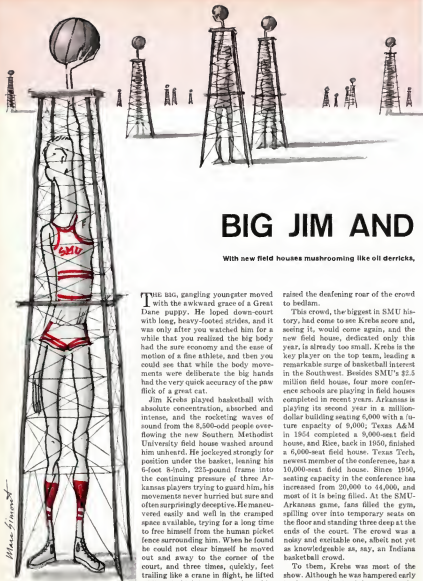
LOUISIANA STATE IN PEKIN

LEE LEAPS ABOVE LEAF-FOOTED LIONS IN SCORING ATTEMPT. FORTE (L) WATCHES ANXIOUSLY



LEE (RIGHT) AWAILS THE REBOUND, IF ANY





BIG JIM AND

With new field houses mushrooming like oil derricks,

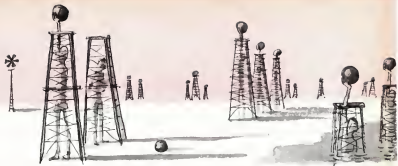
THE big, gangling youngster moved with the awkward grace of a Great Dane puppy. He loped down-court with long, heavy-footed strides, and it was only after you watched him for a while that you realized the big body had the sure economy and the ease of motion of a fine athlete, and then you could see that while the body movements were deliberate the big hands had the very quick accuracy of the paw flick of a great cat.

Jim Krebs played basketball with absolute concentration, absorbed and intense, and the rocketing waves of sound from the 8,500-odd people overflowing the new Southern Methodist University field house washed around him unheard. He jockeyed strongly for position under the basket, leaning his 6-foot 8-inch, 225-pound frame into the continuing pressure of three Arkansas players trying to guard him, his movements never hurried but sure and often surprisingly deceptive. He maneuvered easily and well in the cramped space available, trying for a long time to free himself from the human picket fence surrounding him. When he found he could not clear himself he moved out and away to the corner of the court, and three times, quickly, feet trailing like a crane in flight, he lifted oddly soft, high jump shots that whispered cleanly through the net and

raised the deafening roar of the crowd to bedlam.

This crowd, the biggest in SMU history, had come to see Krebs score and, seeing it, would come again, and the new field house, dedicated only this year, is already too small. Krebs is the key player on the top team, leading a remarkable surge of basketball interest in the Southwest. Besides SMU's \$2.5 million field house, four more conference schools are playing in field houses completed in recent years. Arkansas is playing its second year in a million-dollar building seating 6,000 with a future capacity of 9,000; Texas A&M in 1964 completed a 9,000-seat field house, and Rice, back in 1950, finished a 6,000-seat field house. Texas Tech, newest member of the conference, has a 10,000-seat field house. Since 1950, seating capacity in the conference has increased from 20,000 to 44,000, and most of it is being filled. At the SMU-Arkansas game, fans filled the gym, spilling over into temporary seats on the floor and standing three deep at the ends of the court. The crowd was a noisy and excitable one, albeit not yet as knowledgeable as, say, an Indiana basketball crowd.

To them, Krebs was most of the show. Although he was hampered early in the game by the Arkansas zone defense which had three men around him,



THE TEXAS BOOM

basketball is very big in Texas. And its big man is SMU's high-scoring Jim Krebs

by **TEX MAULE**

he scored 18 points in SMU's 69-55 victory. He hit from far out—the jump shots from the corner—and when Arkansas changed its defense to send men out to harry him, he moved in a bit closer and whipped a shallow-arching hook shot through the cords, bouncing the shot off the backboard. Finally, Arkansas abandoned its zone defense in desperation and tried to handle Krebs man for man and, feinting beautifully with an oddly deceptive head and shoulder movement, Jim slipped away for layups, covering an amazing distance in two long, reaching strides to the basket. On defense, he ambled almost casually across the area in front of the basket, cheyving his man away from the easy-shot zone. Krebs is not a strong jumper, lifting only a little off the floor when he leaps for a rebound, but he plays position so precisely and his hand and eye coordination is so good that he is a great rebounder.

He is a complete basketball player, with all the skills of the game, but he has not been one long. Krebs came to Southern Methodist four years ago, from Webster Groves High School near St. Louis, and he had played only one full season of high school basketball then. In that year, his last at Webster Groves, he broke all the school scoring records and led his team to the semifinals of the state high school tourna-

ment. He had bids from 20 schools before he decided on SMU, which was far from a basketball power at the time. Doc Hayes, the quiet, low-key coach of the Mustangs, pitched his arguments on the contrast between going to one of the big basketball schools which already had a tradition of winning and coming down to SMU where there was a chance to start one. "Down here," Hayes told Krebs and two more St. Louis boys, "you kids will be long remembered." Krebs agrees: "They'd never had a real basketball tradition down here, and the idea of all of us coming down together from St. Louis to make it seemed pretty fine."

When Krebs is graduated this spring, the tradition will be a solid one. With him, SMU has already won two conference championships, is well on its way to a third.

Basketball did not come easy to Jim. As a high school freshman he could not make the frosh squad. He played a little on the B team as a sophomore, but he grew five inches that year and he found the job of coordinating the lanky body too much for him. It was a psychological shock, too, to find he was going to be so much taller than the run of mankind.

"I guess I didn't realize how big I was going to be for a while," he says. "It came pretty quick and it was hard

to get used to. But I did. You have to. A fat man can reduce and a skinny man can try to fatten himself up. Even a little guy can wear elevator shoes, but there's no way to whittle off height."

Krebs was awkward and tangle-footed and with a less patient and less understanding coach than Webster Groves' Tyke Yates he might never have become a good athlete. Yates let the coltish boy go his own gait, offering encouragement and suggestions but not pushing him. Krebs was sick with an ear infection much of his junior year, and Yates brought him along slowly in practice his last year. Says SMU Coach Hayes, "Yates recognized the importance of the kid's building confidence. Kids can be pretty cruel, and Tyke didn't put Jim out until he was ready to do a good job."

One of Krebs' strong points is a capacity for frank and searching self-analysis. After his high school career he decided that he needed a hook shot to play college basketball, and he spent the summer working on one. "I used to shoot 300 or 400 hook shots a day," he says. "It's a tough shot to shoot right. If you turn your wrist a little too much you miss, and then if you don't follow through right you miss. You got to work and work to get everything right,

continued on next page

BIG JIM AND THE TEXAS BOOM

continued from page 41

just like grooving a swing in golf. I finally got it, though."

By the time Krebs was a sophomore at SMU, the hook shot was a polished and deadly weapon. Krebs was beginning to move with more assurance, too, and the big feet that got in his way in high school were under control.

Hayes had given Krebs a stiff course in advanced basketball his freshman year. Realizing the youngster needed more experience against big players after his abbreviated high school career, Hayes potted him against a sophomore center, Tom Miller, every afternoon. Miller had been an all-city player in high school for two years, and he was a skilled and aggressive player, only an inch or two shorter than Krebs.

"We played one-on-one every afternoon during the season," says Krebs. "Tom did everything he could to me. He stepped on my toes and elbowed me and pushed and held when I tried to shoot. Once I complained because he was holding and I missed a shot, and

Coach Hayes said, 'Make the shot anyway. If he's holding, you'll get three points with the free throw.' I used to get mad at Tom and I'd fight back as hard as I could and I learned a lot. I guess that's what Coach Hayes really wanted."

The hook carried Krebs through his sophomore year, but the other conference schools adjusted their defenses to

pressure, his touch was off and he missed. He could not move inside against the wall of defenders and get quick, easy shots he was used to.

So, through the long, hot Dallas summer last year, Krebs worked on a jump shot from deep. "I changed my hook some, too," he says. "I was shooting a soft hook right at the basket before. You shoot a soft hook like that and sometimes it will hang on the rim and drop through where a hard shot will bounce out. But to shoot a soft hook you need more time than I was getting last year. It takes touch, and if you are hurried you lose the touch and you miss. So while I was practicing the outside shot, I worked on a hard hook that I bounce off the backboard. I can get it off quicker and don't have to be so delicate with it."

The tremendous competitive spirit that animates Krebs accounts for the long, grinding hours he has spent painfully acquiring his basketball skills. He has had that spirit a long time.

"When I was a kid in grammar school mother used to play card games with me a lot," he recalls. "If I lost I'd

Jim Krebs's 21-point average put him 13th in NCAA scoring last week. The nation's top five:

1) Grady Wallace, South Carolina	30.2
2) Walt Chamberlain, Kansas	29.5
3) Chet Forte, Columbia	29.3
4) Jim Ashmore, Mississippi State	28.7
5) Elgin Baylor, Seattle	28.5

stop it when he was a junior. They began to use zone defenses designed to deny him his favorite hooking area and keep him away from the basket where he could use his height to dunk the ball.

He tried to hook and, under strong



ONLY KREBS IS SEATED DURING TIME OUT AS SMU COACH D.D. HAYES LECTURES; KREBS MUST HUSBAND HIS STRENGTH CAREFULLY

get mad and wouldn't talk to her. She was the same way, though. She'd get just as mad if I beat her. I guess I got that from her. I never have been able to understand anyone who didn't get mad about losing."

Krebs is now rated as the best basketball player in Southwest Conference history. Glen Rose, whose Arkansas team lost to SMU twice this year, says, "He's the hardest man to defend we ever had in this league, and I go back to 1925 in it. He's the best combination of size, strength and shooting ability. Why, when he played against Bill Russell in the NCAA, Russell couldn't handle him either. He got 24 points and Russell got 17. The record speaks for itself."

Krebs's success against Russell was no accident. It came from his habit of studying prospective opponents carefully, looking for flaws.

"My sophomore year I remember we played Indiana," he says. "That was when Indiana had Don Schlundt, the All-America, at center. I read everything I could about Schlundt in magazines and newspapers, trying to find out what he could do and what he couldn't. By the time we got into the game, I was so tied up I didn't know what I was doing. But I found out the first few times I brushed up against him out there that he was human just like me. I got 20 points in the first half and he got 9, but I fouled out in the second half and he went on to get 41. He taught me something, too. I used to put my hands up on the guy guarding me to get a quick start and beat him, and I got fouls called on me for shoving a lot. Schlundt would just kind of lean on me until he had me off balance, then go the other way quick, and he got the same effect and he didn't get any fouls. So I tried that too, and it worked."

Against Russell, Krebs experimented for a while, looking for a weakness. He faked to his left and cut back to his right for a layup, and Russell lifted a long arm and covered the shot. Then Krebs tried faking right and going to his left.

"I was really surprised," he says. "I expected to get the ball crammed down my throat and I went up and shot and looked around and Russell was way out of position. I kept faking that way all night and I found out he couldn't cover nearly as well to his left as he could to his right."

For the first two years Krebs played on the SMU varsity he had Tom Miller to relieve him and, because he tired easily, he needed the relief. A combination

of rapid growth and the sinus infection which had kept him out of basketball his junior year in high school robbed him of stamina.

"They used to say he was not training," Hayes says. "But those big boys can't go at full speed for long when they're not mature without getting completely exhausted. We'd drive him until he was tired and then urge him to do some more. Gradually, he built up stamina and coordination."

This year, for the first time, Krebs



KREBS TROLLS the SMU campus with his (3 foot 2) steady date, Judy Cantarphen.

can play a whole game without substitution. "I had to learn to pace myself," he says. "Coach Hayes lets me handle the time-outs if I figure I need one now. I found out you got to call time before you get real winded. If you wait too long and get too tired, you can't get your wind back at all. Then late in the game you go dead, and you're no good for rebounds or jumping."

Doc Hayes, who still makes a point of nursing Krebs's strength, has said, "Coaching is an overrated profession. When you got boys as good as these, there's not much you can show them."

Actually, Hayes is a resourceful coach who is wise enough to keep his offense fairly simple. Krebs is the first really big man he has had since he started coaching at SMU nine years ago. "When we knew we were going to get him we figured out all the things big men had been doing to plague us through the years," Hayes says. "Then

we used the same things to plague everyone else."

Krebs's supporting cast is, of course, top-notch. Bobby Mills and Larry Shewalter were all-conference players last year. Rick Herrscher is a cat-quick playmaker and a fine outside shot. Ned Duncan joined the team this year from Kilgore Junior College, where he was a junior-college All-America. Bob McGregor, who relieves the other four players, can do so without spoiling the rhythm or effectiveness of the team. He cannot relieve Krebs without damage, though.

Last week, three days after the Arkansas victory, SMU played Baylor in Waco. Baylor, with Rice, is the strongest competition SMU has for the conference championship and might have moved into a tie for the lead had SMU lost.

The Baylor gymnasium is one of the only two small ones left in the conference, and it is a hard adjustment to make for a team used to the wide ranges of SMU's new field house. So the Mustangs started slowly. Krebs was playing on a heavily taped ankle which he had sprained in practice, but he was moving easily and well. The crowd noise, augmented by what must be the loudest college band in the nation, beat down on the floor with a nearly physical impact. As SMU, playing a fired-up team for the second time in three days, fought for an advantage, the noise increased until the players could not hear each other's shouts. Krebs, firing his hook and his outside jump cleanly, hit well, and at half time SMU led by 12 points. Soon after the second half started, Krebs came out of a pile-up under the basket limping, with his other ankle badly turned. He was out of the game for five minutes, and Baylor whittled the 12-point SMU lead down to one before he could return. Now with both ankles taped and moving slowly, Krebs pulled together the SMU defense, the big hands moving as quickly as ever, flicking out like a snake's tongue to bat away shots. Once he stole the ball cleanly, passed out quickly to start a fast break for an SMU score. Twice in the frantic, roaring final minutes, he stood calmly at the free-throw line amid bedlam and sank two free throws each time. When it was all over, SMU had won 83-76.

Hayes, still unwinding from the terrific tension, took time to consider before he answered a writer who had asked why Krebs is good.

Finally he said, thoughtfully and seriously, "How could you say 'desire' in great big letters?" **END**



ROUND HILL'S cozy beach is one of the best on the island. There, tended by waiters, Round Hillers may swim, play cards or concentrate on this season's rage—chess.

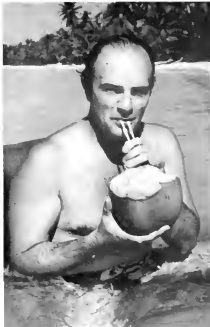
MRS. KINGMAN DOUGLASS, the former Adele Astaire, one of the original shareholders at Round Hill, tips a beribboned gondolier hat over a native-printed batik bathing suit.



JAMAICAN IDYLL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONI FRISSELL

Few people have ever enjoyed a life as idyllic and luxurious as the happy sun-seekers photographed on these pages. Ten miles north of Montego Bay on the British West Indies island of Jamaica they have created a luxurious and exclusive retreat named Round Hill, which is now in its fourth season. Either as shareholders who have built their own homes on the 100-acre estate or as guests at the small hotel which is the center of its social life, Round Hillers spend most of their day on a beach shaped like a crescent moon and lapped by a sea as clear as air. They follow a fairly formal pattern of dressing—changing to sports clothes for lunch, and then dress again for cocktails or dinner and dancing to the best Calypso band in Jamaica. Round Hill has a reputation for setting the fashion pace in the Caribbean. Its devotees started the trend to madras (SI, Feb. 21, '55), now prefer Oriental silks or native-printed cotton batiks (SI, Feb. 11, '57), styles which will undoubtedly come north with the sun to United States resorts.



DR. WILLIAM C. T. GAYNOR, one of the permanent cottage holders at Round Hill, sips and dips in its crystal waters.



LINE-UP OF SWIMMERS rims one of Round Hill's ple-painted circular rafts. From left, straw-hatted Herbert O. Feet of Kansas City, Mr. F. Warren Pershing of New York, Mrs. Pershing, Mrs. Feet, Mrs. Alan Skith and husband of Toronto. Guests at

Round Hill spend many hours in the water—swimming in the morning and dipping again in the afternoon. Spearfishing, water-skiing and sailfish-sailing are the most popular water sports. Three sailfish boats have been imported from the United States.

CONTINUED



MRS. WILLIAM E. HALL (Reporter Marguerite Higgins) and General Hall, also share-holders, were January visitors at Round Hill.



MRS. PERNING, in cocked straw hat and coolie coat of printed silk, sips a bartender's drink from a parasol-pinnacled pineapple.



THE JAMES S. DE SCAN family from Canada pose with ice spearfisherman Henry Clarke of England near their cottage.

MRS. JOHN PRINGLE, THE WIFE OF ROUND HILL'S MANAGING





atop Round Hill. From the left: Maria Dunne, Dunne, Turks, Mrs. Dunne, Jimmy Dunne and Marika Dunne.

DIRECTOR AND MICHEL DUPLATZ CONCENTRATE ON A DRINK



MRS. FRANCIS H. MEADOCK and Turks, both wearing sports clothes of silk, share a convivial preluncheon drink on the cocktail terrace.



MRS. BRENDAN D. WALSH of Philadelphia has hair done on beach by New York Hairdresser Enrico Caruso, who has a shop at Round Hill.

Champions and challengers broke records, but the

1957 Millrose Games will be best remembered for

FOUR GARDEN DUELS

IN MIDWINTER, two weeks before the national championships, before all the great performers have hit a peak, the indoor track season comes to a climax at the Millrose Games. The climax is more emotional than rational. Perhaps there is no more reason for it than that the Millrose has been running as a good show now for 50 years. From the first gun crack, sending a heater-skelter relay of moppets around the track, until the last, forlorn thud of a high jumper on the landing mat, many great performers—indeed Olympians—may be lost in the colorful swirl of lesser men. The first moppet off a mark at this year's Millrose was Ernest Cardone, age 13, of The Bronx, who may never know such fame again unless he improves progressively with age. The final thud was made by High Jumper Charlie Stead, an utterly relaxed Villanova sophomore, who just switched from the quarter mile this year and barely missed clearing 6 feet 8½ inches after tying Olympian Phil Reavis for first at 6 feet 8.

In the four hours between young Cardone's debut and unknown Charlie Stead's final thud some grand champions came through and some stayed lost in the swirl. A week before the Millrose, several records were in prospect because some men found courage to say they felt fit enough for such a try. Feeling fit after beating Olympic 400-meter Champion Charlie Jenkins and tying the 600-yard record in Boston the week before, Olympic 800-meter Champion Tom Courtney declared that he was out to beat both the indoor half-mile record and Arnold Sowell. "Last week I was full of running and tied the 600 record," Courtney contemplated. "So, logically, I should run the 600 again, but I want the chance to beat Sowell."

With Courtney after Sowell the half mile promised to be the duel of the Millrose, and any man could argue either that Courtney would or that he would not beat Sowell. The psychological edge lay perhaps with Sowell,

who somehow was not seized by the sense of drama of a duel and quite frankly was training through the Millrose meet, aiming for a good showing in the national 1,000-yard run two weeks later. "While it may not be nice to say to meet directors who invite you," Sowell observed on Millrose eve, "I'm not ready to run my best yet. To be truthful, I'm a little tired of all the talk about a rivalry. Sometimes it can help you win, but it can also beat you. Courtney's not the one to take the lead, but if the pace is slow I'll have to. If I'm out front and thinking too much about Tom behind me, I'll be running his race, not mine. Tonight," Sowell concluded, "I'll see a shoot-'em-up movie, sleep late, read in the afternoon, and in the race, if the pace is slow, I'll take it."

On the big Millrose night, with three laps to go, Arnie Sowell found the pace slow, and swept into a three-yard lead past Courtney and veteran Harry Bright, who had started the race rolling. Courtney, catching a shifful of spikes in the jockeying, took out after Sowell, but could only pull up a yard at the tape as Sowell went across first with a new world indoor record of 1:56.3.

FORCED OUT

Another who was hoping for a record was the miler Fred Dwyer. Twice a winner of two-mile events earlier this year, he decided on the two-mile again at the Millrose. Dwyer's hopes for a good two-mile time were dashed by gut rumblings which forced him out of the race on the 14th lap, leaving the race and record with the traditional owner, 34-year-old Horace Ashenfelter.

Other records fell elsewhere, among men who had less hope for them. Ira Murchison was caught by the new-fangled Cnetimer (SI, Feb. 11) equaling the 60-yard-dash record in the Millrose semifinals. After sniffling with a head cold early in the week, Olympic Decathlon Champion Milt Campbell took his semifinal of the Millrose 60-yard hurdles, and with amazement



MUTUAL DESPERATION TWISTS FEATURES OF

heard the officials announce a new world record of seven seconds flat. "I don't feel that good," Campbell protested, then in the finals took a silver-ten lead over Olympic High Hurdle Champion Lee Calhoun and held it to the tape, again in a record seven seconds flat. "I still don't feel that good," Campbell insisted.

The 16,000 who pack the Millrose meetings at the Garden are always record-hungry. Still in the shadow of the Olympics, it would seem the crowd might be too jaded for anything except record breaking. It is a wholesome note that this Millrose audience was appreciative of performances in general and not obsessed with the entries in the record book.

The record breakers were properly applauded, but the crowd's biggest whoops went to two vaulters, Richards and Gutowski, who came close but missed. The pole-vaulting fields at the meets this winter have been the toughest ever. Snatching a few hours of weight lifting and jogging in the Norfolk YMCA in the past week while touring the East, the Rev. Bob Richards made the last plane to New York in time to meet the strongest field of pretenders ever lined up to try and knock the Millrose crown from his head. Fifteen-footer Jerry Welbourn is



OLYMPIC CHAMPIONS MILT CAMPBELL (RIGHT) AND LEE CALHOUN (NEXT TO CAMPBELL) DURING THEIR RECORD-BREAKING HURDLE DUEL

back in action this year, and Don Bragg is back, his form cleaner and the leg injury that knocked him out of the Olympics now mended well enough to let him get over 15 feet three times already this year. Olympic runner-up Bob Gutowski of Occidental, east for his first indoor vaulting season, had taken to the board runways well, sneaking up 3 inches a meet until he cleared 15 feet in the Boston AA Games. "I have discovered, when you get used to it," Gutowski said, "you can get quite a drive off the boards. There is no wind and nothing can tear up the runway. I started in carefully, feeling my way, and I've been stalling out at the top. In the Millrose I'm going to slam the pole in harder and drive with my leg straight up the pole. I'm going with everything I've got. I don't know who'll get there first." Gutowski speculated. "Maybe Richards, maybe Bragg. Maybe I'll do it. Sixteen feet is getting closer."

† In the Millrose, Bragg put three had vaults together and went out at 14 feet 4. At 15 feet Richards and Gutowski both cleared on their last try. At 15 feet 3 both cleared on their first vault. At 15 feet 6 Richards made one of the best jumps of his long vaulting life, clearing with what looked like 4 inches to spare. The crowd was still

fussling about it when Gutowski came down the runway and went over 15 feet 6 with absolutely nothing to spare. On his second try at 15 feet 9 Richards seemed well on the way to the impossible, buoyed up by a great roar from the crowd. The roar turned into what is probably a record groan for the Garden. Richards' snap off the pole wasn't smart enough to take him clear. On his second try at 15 feet 9, Gutowski sneaked over again with nothing to spare but came down on the crossbar. None of the challengers has yet found a way to knock the vaulting crown off Richards' head, but some night someone may well chase him over Cornelius Warner's 14-year-old record of 15 feet 8 1/2 inches.

TABORI INTERESTED

Before the season is done, several newcomers to the eastern boards may well turn the mile run into the wide-open "classic" that it once was before Ron Delany claimed it last year. As he learns English slowly, the comments of Hungarian runner Laszlo Tabori must still be strained through an interpreter, but through the interpreter Tabori now indicates that he considers the alarming curves of a tight board track an interesting part of his running career. Both Tabori and Bobby

Seaman are improving the class of this season's mile races, but at the Millrose, on the 10th lap, in his usual way, Ron Delany burst past both of them and run away like a scurrying turkey. Delany is the sharpest proof of the healthy effect the Olympics have had on this indoor season. The record-hungry crowds last year used to scatter hoos when Delany seemed to win without an all-out push. Now he is Olympic champion, proved winner of the hardest race of all, and there are no hoos. Considering this while seated against a high hurdle after his Millrose win, Ron said, "They really never boo, really. Last year I did win once or twice and loafed a little when the crowd wanted a fast race. You know, my sympathies really were with the crowd."

In the national championships a week hence Tabori and Bobby Seaman, both smarter on the boards, will probably be back in the mile. Fred Dwyer may also come down into the mile. Does this worry Delany? At the prospect, Delany's Irish smile spread into his eyes. "Freddie Dwyer is one of my best friends," Delany replied. "If he enters the mile, I say that would be Freddie's worry. I've been here in the mile all along. It's Freddie who's coming into my lion's den." **END**

A cleansed Caliente, finding the racing fan all gambler, offers the frenetic horseplayer

A MILLION WAYS TO MAKE A BET

ALTHOUGH the horses here are not of the best, the Caliente track at Tijuana, Old Mexico nonetheless has a few distinctions of its very own. It once had the distinction of owning the most unambiguous reputation for outright crookedness of any track in the world. The rottenness was everywhere, from management controlled by gamblers to jockeys who pulled horses with shameless consistency.

"Today," says Executive Director John S. Alessio (who, with his brothers Tony and Russ, has been working for the last decade to build up the respectability which Caliente racing has finally achieved), "we know we are running an honest and efficient track. When we think of the past at Caliente we like to think of things of which we can be proud. Such as the first \$100,000 race on the North American continent; or of our track as the maturing grounds for Eddie Arcaro, Johnny Longden, Willie Shoemaker and dozens of others; of our development of the jockey's safety helmet—and, naturally, the comforts and conveniences which we increase every year."

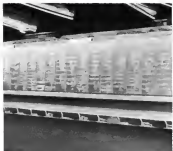
The thinking in the Caliente front office is realistic all the way. "Gambling is human nature," says Harry (Coon) Rosen, the Alessios' manager of operations. "Let's face it, people on the average don't go racing to see the races. They go to gamble."

"Taking that as a starting point," adds John Alessio, "Caliente has a particular appeal. Isn't it true in the U.S. that a track customer has roughly 25 minutes between races? Well, we feel that because we're licensed by the Mexican government as a legalized gambling operation we can satisfy our customers by giving them 25 minutes of gambling-shopping time between every race. So, instead of just offering them the regular pari-mutuel system, we give them every kind of betting system we can think of. And they love it."

What Caliente customers have to choose from on their shopping list would knock the eyes out of the Jamaica regular: regular pari-mutuel and daily double; combination 1-2-3 betting on every race; the Quinella betting (so popular at dog tracks) in at least one race a day; licensed bookmakers (the track's own bookies, not competing individuals); and, finally, the new 5-10 system, the most popular new form of gambling seen in many a day. And, to add to this galaxy of facilities for winning—or losing—money, Caliente operates a foreign book, where you can bet any horse on any race track in the United States any day of the week, plus the future book, which is open for betting well in advance of the Santa Anita Handicap, the Kentucky Derby and the Garden State, at odds set up by Pricemaker Tony Alessio two months before the race in question and revised by him each Saturday night up to the week before the race.

As there are races at Caliente only

Saturdays and Sundays you might expect the track to look pretty dead most of the time. Not so, although you get a rather weird sensation pulling up to the grandstand at 10 o'clock on a weekday morning when you're not going to see a single horse all day. But that hardly bothers the true gambler (85% of those frequenting Caliente come down what is advertised as "19 short miles south of San Diego on a wide California freeway") who hustles inside to buy his *Form* and take up position in front of an enormous blackboard on which are listed all entries on U.S. tracks that day. Turning around to look out across the Mexican hills you are startled by the announcer's voice proclaiming, "They are nearing the post for the first at Hialeah." A lone tractor grinds around the Caliente strip, but the noise of its engine is stolen by the announcer again; late scratches at Sunshine, change in track conditions at Fair Grounds, a switch in jockeys at Santa Anita. Study the



FOREIGN BOOK, WHERE BETS ARE TAKEN FOR ALL U.S.



DOG TRACK SLIDES ON RAILS TO JOIN INFIELD RACING OVAL DURING THE SUMMER MONTHS



TRACKS DRAW HORSEPLAYERS TO CALIENTE ON DAYS WHEN THERE IS NO RACING TO SEE

form over again, but again and, if you are lucky, when the call of your race comes through you march up to the cashier's window and collect at regular track prices. Your winner may have set a track record, but you won't have seen him.

Sunday is the big racing day and affords the only chance to take a crack at the 5-10 system. The system is a somewhat modified version of the *claro-tris* (5-6), which is so popular in Caracas. You are asked to do the virtually impossible: pick the winners of six races (races 5 through 10) on one card and turn that card in 10 minutes before post time for the fifth race. You can do all this for \$2 and, because the programs are out by 3 p.m. on Friday, you have just about 48 hours in which to kick over lightly the matter of picking six horses out of a possible 60 or 65. Of course, there's nothing to prevent you, for an additional outlay, from making multiple selections, but this sort of thing can run up the expenses something awful. It gets rough even picking two horses in each race. The cost: \$128. If you want to pick four horses in each race it'll only cost you \$8,192 but, if you feel that it is absolutely imperative to win at this game, just tote along a bag containing \$5,971,968 to cover a field of 12 horses in each of the six races.

The handle in the pool has gone up from \$10,000 when it was first introduced last April to an average of nearly \$50,000 now.

The payoff on the 5-10 is uncomplicated. The track takes 10% of the pool, and the winner gets the rest. If more than one person picks all six winners the pot is divided. Similarly, if nobody gets a clean ticket, the jackpot goes to those who selected five out of six correctly. The day I was there 18 people (in a crowd of about 12,000) turned up with five out of six winners and won about \$2,200 each. Two days

before last Christmas a 72-year-old former prospector named George Hall rolled in from Astec, New Mexico and dug a record \$46,287 out of the Caliente 5-10 pool. There is no evidence that Mr. Hall ever struck it so rich on a Sunday afternoon at Astec.

IS IT LUCK?

As you must know by now if you are one of the 85,000 people on the Caliente Future Book mailing list, the book is in a little hot water with the U.S. Postmaster General, who is calling it some form of lottery. Now hear Future Book Pricemaker Tony Alessio on the subject: "In a lottery the winner is determined by draw. In our future book you're matching your skill against a man making a price. The only connection between a lottery and any horse race is the draw for post position. But does the draw for post position determine the winner?"

At any rate, until further notice, the track's future book mail is being returned to the sender, and if you're looking for action on the Santa Anita Handicap you'll have to show up in person or send your bet to a friend in a better position to make the trip of 19 short miles from San Diego. "But we'll figure something out," says John Alessio. "There'll be a Kentucky Derby Future Book just as there has been for the past 10 years or so."

If you buy a winning pari-mutuel ticket at any race track in the U.S. and forget to cash it at the track, all you have to do is send it—through the U.S. mail—back to the racing associations and they obligingly send you a check—again through the U.S. mail. That happens all the time. I simply wonder: is there that much difference between a pari-mutuel stub traveling the mails from New York to California and a future book stub traveling the mails from Chicago to a licensed bookmaker in Tijuana, Mexico? (ENR)

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• BOATING

by EZRA BOWEN

HARD RIDE TO THE

MIAMI, FLA., FEB. 5, 9:15 A.M. The day is bright and clear, wind east at 20-22, with a few ragged puffs of clouds sliding high over the mast tips of the fleet gathered at the city yacht basin the morning of the race to Nassau. Along the docks the sailors are getting ready to shove off, crawling over cabin trunks to secure ventilators and hatch covers, straddling the shallow chasm between dockside and deck to pass on last-minute stores, slumping great Dacron sail bags into sail lockers, and—this being Miami—stopping all work from time to time to observe the lush little ladies anking slowly down the dock to admire the fleet and be much admired by it. A blonde freezes the activity for a moment. Then she passes, and dockside bubble of voices picks up again. "Here, hand me the

soup. Where the hell did we put the genny? You mean you didn't bring it? How you going to put that line through there?" Then big, gray-white MAKE NOSTRUM, at 71 feet six inches the longest boat in the fleet of 32, drops her lines and heads out the channel toward the start—first to leave.

Aboard "Hilaria," 11:45 a.m. Fifteen minutes to the start between the Coast Guard cutter AURORA and a white nun bobbing heavily in the steep, ragged chop. We have our main, mizzen and staysail up, with the No. 2 genoa jib ready to go when we get the 10-minute warning gun. Eleven of us aboard, counting Skipper Hugh Schadelsee, some in oilskins against the heavy spray, others in shorts, their backs and faces smeared with sun cream. This is going to be a rugged ride.

Dead to windward at least till we turn Great Stirrup Cay, two-thirds of the way to Nassau. Now it's time for the genny. The warning gun goes off, a puff of smoke over the pale green water. Most of the boats are jamming at the south end of the line. There's Harvey Conover in the REVONOC trailing FINISTERRE toward the line. Close behind come SPRAY and MERRY MAIDEN. COMANCHE is up to windward. Not much longer now.

Noon. We're off; 184 miles to Nassau. Poor start for us. We hung back to get out of the jam-up by the buoy. Thank God we did. REVONOC just came about. SPRAY heads up, gets stopped dead by a wave. MERRY MAIDEN's bow comes crashing aboard, shears off SPRAY's mizzen and barely misses crewman Timothy Sullivan. Driven ahead

BOW VIEW FROM THE 47-FOOT YAWL "EROLLO" SHOWS TWO PAST SOUTHERN CHAMPIONS AT START OF MIAMI-NASSAU RACE: "FINISTERRE"



Sports Illustrated's boating editor joins the crew of the 55-foot yawl 'Hilaria,' logging in a three-boat collision and boiling seas all the way in the Miami-Nassau Regatta

BAHAMAS

by MERRY MAIDEN, SPRAY plows into REYONOC's starboard rail, and the three boats, locked together, do a slow waltz around the buoy as the men on deck battle to untangle the mess. Now they're getting free. All three are going to stay in the race, SPRAY without a misken, MERRY MAIDEN with her forward rigging badly bent, REYONOC with her starboard rail smashed. That's probably all for Conover. He could have been trouble, but with a messy sea like this you can't figure to win with smashed gear.

12:45 p.m. CRIOLLO, sails trimmed fast and dark varnished hull hanging through the water, is walking out ahead of the rest. This is her weather. She won it last year in worse going, and her skipper, Luis Vidaña from Havana, wants this one badly. Jack Price's red-

hulled COMANCHE, much steadier since he put in a new 500-pound bronze centerboard, is well up front.

MOGU has a good start, driving well but suddenly all the snaps on her big genny let go, and the sail sags back as though it had been unzipped from the stay. They haul the genny down and ride on the stagsail, losing time and falling back while the genny is wrestled aft to get new snaps sewn on. Ready to go again, they hoist the genny back up, but the halyard parts and the sail flops toward the deck. They try rigging it onto a spinnaker halyard but the line stretches. The sail won't set. She's tender enough in heavy going. Without her big headsails, she's dead.

1:00 p.m. HOOT MON, first champion in 1954 and 1955, is wallowing along next to us under a big genny and no misken, her crew perched like a row of black crows along the windward rail. She looks out of it already. No drive. Something's wrong with us too. Our genny is rattling like a machine gun. The steel shrouds are quivering with it, and so is the mast. We try to head up with MARE NOSTRUM and can't make it. Then we lose a luffing match to MALABAR XIII. The genny is just plain wrong. It's not giving us the power we need to drive through these waves. Two men go forward to try and trim it in tighter, hanging onto the leeward rail and getting dunked to their knees as HILARIA dips her rail at each puff. Still no good. We're sagging off to leeward of the fleet all the time. Up to windward, CRIOLLO is still boiling along; and not far behind, with her small sails strapped down and drawing perfectly, is Carleton Mitchell's everlasting FINISTERRE, eating up the rough going and picking up valuable time on the big boats.

4:00 p.m. Twenty-eight miles out on the way across the Gulf Stream toward the coral banks at Bimini and Gun Cay. The bright white row of hotels along Miami Beach has dropped out of sight astern, and we're at sea for sure. Wind holding fresh at 20-25, a little south of east. We're still not making anything. This windward work out here in the stream isn't doing a thing for my stomach, either. One of the other crewmen is looking pretty quiet, too. The rest of the fleet is two to four miles upwind now. Nothing for us to do

but cover the 44 miles over to Bimini as fast as we can, get under the shelter of the reefs and try to make up some time by running north to Great Isaac Light in the calmer water.

Aboard CRIOLLO there is the quick, nasty thud of broken gear, the boom sags, and the foot of the mainail collapses like an accordion up against the mast. For 20 minutes the Cuban crew sprints to stretch the sail out along the boom. Finally they make it. CRIOLLO takes off again, but you can't give away time like that to FINISTERRE, not in a rough race like this one.

6:00 p.m. Wind still fresh, east by south. The rail is way down, water hitting the cabin trunk and splashing into the cockpit. The sea is quieter near Gun Cay, but I still feel pretty feeble. Well, there's no sense keeping that had sail up there any longer. We'll do just as well on the smaller No. 3. Here we go! Wrestle the No. 3 out of the cockpit sail locker. Naturally it's on the bottom. Go forward swinging hand by hand along the lifeline, with deck slanting way over and bow pitching like a stallion. Solid water over the bow and down my pants when I sit on the bow to hand in the sail. Here she comes down, wet and stiff. A wave bangs me into the anchor winch and I lose my lunch. More water over the bow. Snap on the No. 3, winch it up and haul the old sail aft. I've had it.

7:15 p.m. We come about just at dusk, five miles off Gun Cay. This is a quieter, drier tack and we're in the shelter of the reefs. CRIOLLO goes about, and that looks like MARE NOSTRUM. That's all we can see. Can't tell if the little boats came about early to run north with the full flow of the Gulf Stream, or whether they've just dropped out of sight in the darkness.

10:00 p.m. I've been lying in the doghouse just forward of the wheel watching the loom of the town in Bimini creep by to starboard, counting the flashes of Great Isaac Light just off the bow. The night is clear and rather dark, a lot of stars. The rest of my watch is asleep below, and now I'm for the sack. We're still heeling way over, but this is a solid, steady boat and we'll sleep well. After the drunken stork act of peeling off wet oilskins while standing on a deck that pitches and slants at

continued on next page

(2182), 5754, AND "HOOT MON" (251), 1954-1955



RIDE TO THE BANANAS

continued from page 43

35°, I wedge into the lower leeward bunk, my back braced against the bulkhead. Dry pants feel good, Bonamine and soda water, and a warm blanket.

Midnight. Back on watch. We've turned the corner now just northeast of Great Isaac Light, where the coral banks make a right angle from northeast to east southeast. We're a third of the way to Nassau. Now we have another dead beat to windward to Great Stirrup. The water is rougher out of the lee of the banks. We've been alone for hours, but we're in the middle of the fleet as the boats converge on Great Isaac. All around us masthead lights are wagging and red and green running lights switching back and forth as the boats make short tacks to stay in close to shore.

Feb. 6, 2:30 a.m. No change. Wind ESE at 20-22, steady as I've ever seen it. Occasionally there is a warm lull as a breeze ghosts out from the islands across the rocky heads of the Gingerbread Ground reef. At Great Isaac we thought we still might have something, but it's again obvious that we're not moving with full power. Best we can do is a steady six knots; with this wind we ought to be around 7½.

4:30 a.m. Off watch I sleep like a rock, interrupted only twice by the now mechanical business of scooping up my bedding and staggering around the gimbal table to switch bunks when the rattle of blocks and winches and the sudden, unnatural motion says we're coming about.

7:00 a.m. Time to face it. Owls in the mouth, washed away by scalding coffee. Schaddlelee rolls out of his bunk, groaning good-naturedly: "Mother was right. I should have bought a farm. It's a damn shame. One jib is soft, one bellies and the other's too small." That's about the story. Up on deck it's a beautiful day, except that here, only 20 miles short of Great Stirrup, we're back among the Class C boats instead of up front in a place where we belong. Ahead and a bit to starboard, riding rock-solid with her gray topides and red bottom paint glistening in the morning sun, is FINISTERRE. That's bad news for Vidana, although the way he was going yesterday he might be starting the next race by now. Down to leeward we can see COMANCHE's red hull too far back now to hurt FINISTERRE. We pull by FINISTERRE. She's a lovely sight, and Schaddlelee shouts over his appreciation. Mitchell pokes his head

up out of the main hatch to smile an acknowledgment. One more boat close by, Edwin Singer's WINDALIER out of Corpus Christi, a new boat to the circuit. She's doing beautifully after a long tack in close to shore gave her a fast, quiet run close to the banks last night. Wonderful sailing too. Too bad we're losing the race. Anyway, we've got a seat on the 50-yard line.

Noon. A big boat, maybe CRIOLLO, is long gone around Great Stirrup. The rest of us are making our last tack to sneak around the mark and start the final run to Nassau. Wind and sea the same, FINISTERRE is making money every minute. She's put WINDALIER away for good now. It's FINISTERRE or CRIOLLO, unless a boat we can't see ran away during the night.

4:30 p.m. We've just cleared Great Stirrup. My first trick at the wheel. It feels loose and strange at first, now steady. She's balanced well under this rig, and driving better as we come into flatter seas. Two rain squalls sit in from the northwest, raising a fine gray mist on the surface and flattening the tiny ripples on the waves. Here comes FINISTERRE around the corner, cutting so close Mitchell could throw a pebble onto the beach.

6:45 p.m. CRIOLLO crosses the finish line first boat in. Four hours ago she was flying, only 20 miles out, then she got a little wind shift, had to tack five times to make the line. That cost her time. Too much, probably. They'll know when Mitchell gets in.

Aboard HILARIA, we know we've had it, but we put in our big genny as the course eases off the wind. We're not going to take any prizes, but we might save something in our own class.

On board MARE NOSTRUM, only 35 minutes from the finish, there is a loud cracking noise from high above the deck. The 106-foot mast aways, breaks and comes crashing down to starboard, the deck a tangled mess of wires and splinters. Nobody hurt, but that's all for MARE NOSTRUM this year. The crew fashens two kalpards from the wreckage onto wheel's left of the main, and heaves it back on deck. MOGU comes by, fires two red flares to signal the Coast Guard, and radios ahead for help. With the broken spar on board, MARE NOSTRUM starts her engine and limps into the harbor.

10:45 p.m. I've just finished another trick at the wheel. We're moving well under the big genny. If we can use it Saturday in the Nassau Cup, we'll do all right. Now Schaddlelee is back at the wheel for the finish. The lights of Nassau are spread out ahead only half a mile away. We fall off to get the red

range lights of the channel lined up, then head for the barn.

10:57 p.m. We get a gun from the committee boat and show them the number on our sail with a light. Race is over for us. The press boat comes alongside through the dark of the harbor and someone gives the word: "CRIOLLO at 6:45. Then MOGU. Then MARE NOSTRUM under power with her stick out. Then GULF STREAM. Then SOLUTION." That's a good finish for SOLUTION. She's got B Class wrapped up. Nobody in A can touch CRIOLLO now. Mitchell has C.

11:43 p.m. FINISTERRE crosses, and now the whole race is hers. No trouble all the way except for a small tear in the genny. No boat ever had a record like this. Thirty-two firsts or seconds in her past 40 races. Of those, 25 were firsts. Now she's got the Nassau Race, too. If it blows on Saturday, she'll be tough in the Nassau Cup.

•

OFF NASSAU, FEB. 9. Day bright, wind easterly at 12-15, pooping to five. COMANCHE got a perfect start, tacked quickly and held close to Paradise and Cabbage Beach, covering FINISTERRE all through the 15-mile beat to the windward mark at Booby Rocks. Aboard HILARIA we got off just behind COMANCHE but we're too heavy a boat to do much in this kind of air. Price is sailing a beautiful race, tacking when he wants to, and sitting on Mitchell all the way.

Up front MOGU and CRIOLLO are scrambling for first, splitting long tacks on the windward leg and hugging close together on the leeward run back to the finish of this 30-mile race.

4:22 p.m. MOGU finishes, CRIOLLO close behind, but not close enough. It's going to be MOGU, COMANCHE or FINISTERRE.

5:18 p.m. COMANCHE crosses the line 18 minutes after us. That may be it. Mitchell looks too far back.

5:34 p.m. He was too far back. FINISTERRE comes over too late to save her time on COMANCHE. No one else is close enough. It's Price's race, Mitchell second, and Guggenheimer's MOGU third. **(END)**

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

1—Rita Curry Westwood; 2—drawing by John Long; 3—Howard; 22, 24—drawings by Amy; 22, 33—John Hargrove; 38, 39—A.P.; 42, 43—Richard Yee; 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100—William M. Tack; 67—Jon Springer; 84—John James N. Kean University Courier; Journal: Nelson Daily Courier.

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COAST-TO-COAST





MUDLARK

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PHIL BATH

Roses have thorns," observed Shakespeare, "and silver fountains mud." Well, in California, mud has people—sports car people who have discovered and fostered the old English pastime of sluicing through the best available mire



in light machines. Though the sport is not widespread in the U.S., its practitioners are as enthusiastic about it as their brothers under the skin, the frothbite sailors, are about theirs. Here Walt Stone (*driving*) and Mal Miller are barreling

through the slippery slop in the MG Club of America's English Trials. They, in an MG TD, and 69 other unflinching crews had a muddy good time. The locale is the Meera Valley, and the season for true believers is from January to May.



Photograph by Tom Hollyman

Puerto Rico — civilized 100 years before the Pilgrims landed

HERE in Puerto Rico, sharing the benign sunshine, are a lovely old church and a lovely young girl.

The church is San Jose, it was built in 1523. Step inside its cool, vaulted nave and you feel at once the splendor of that old world culture which flourished here a century before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. It's hard to believe you are scarcely a stone's throw from the

bustling downtown section of modern San Juan—the center of a remarkable renaissance.

Under the impetus of Puerto Rico's renowned Operation Bootstrap, more than four hundred new factories have opened up. There are luxurious new hotels, ultra-modern schools, magnificent super-highways and thriving universities. Slums are vanishing. All over the

Island there is an infectious atmosphere of buoyancy and confidence.

Not to forget our pretty girl. She is Maria Luisa Fernández Martínez—or "Taty" to her friends. She is a pianist of talent and a Kappa Phi at her college. Could we ask for a better symbol of all that is vital about Puerto Rico today?

Commonwealth of Puerto Rico
579 Fifth Avenue, New York

SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



Virginia Evans, port Mt. Holyoke sophomore from Summit, N.J., reigned as queen of Dartmouth Winter Carnival, won by host team when Olympians Ralph Miller and Chikara Igaya dominated downhill and slalom events.



Reggie Pearman, who won his first national title 10 years ago and, at 32, one of track's "old men," resurrected once-tremendous finishing sprint to surprise Charlie Jenkins, ran off with Sheppard 660 in 1:11 at Millrose Games.

RECORD BREAKERS

Pitt's Annie Sowell and U.S. Navy's Milt Campbell staged world indoor record-breaking show at Millrose Games in New York. Light-footed Sowell feather-stepped past old rival Tom Courtney to clock 1:49.7 for 800 meters, 1:50.3 for half-mile; hulking Campbell whip-sawed over 60-yard hurdles in 7 seconds. (Feb. 9).

Dave Ricketts of Duquesne, who broke NCAA consecutive foul shooting record week earlier, arched in two more against Niagara, to raise mark to 42 (Feb. 4).

David Thiele, another of Australia's quick-armed young Olympians, pinwheeled up and down 32 1-3-yard pool in 53.6 at Maryland to lower world standard for 100-yard backstroke (Feb. 7).

BASKETBALL

North Carolina, beginning to feel pressure of long winning streak, squeezed past Maryland 65-61, Duke 75-73 for 18 in row, prompted Coach Frank McGuire to predict: "Somebody is going to beat us and then my boys will get better." Kansas and Wilt Chamberlain held firm in Big Seven, outscoring Nebraska 69-54; Texas Tech came up with upset, edging SMU 65-67.

Fort Wayne pulled ahead in tight NBA Western Division race as St. Louis went into tailspin and Rochester began to move within striking distance of Pistons. Syracuse won two out of three from New York to take third place in East but was still far behind Boston, riding blithely along eight games ahead of Philadelphia.

TRACK AND FIELD

Ron Delany, turkey-trotting along at own pace, got up with plenty to spare to beat Hungary's Laszlo Tabori in respectable 4:06.7 Wanamaker Mile at Millrose Games in New York. Among other winners: pint-sized Irv Murchison, who made up for poor start with bursting finish to equal world indoor record of 6.1 for 60-yard dash; Horace Ashenfelter, 9:02.3 winner over Phil Coleman in two-mile; Bob Richards and Bob Gutowski, who both soared 15 feet 6 inches in pole vault; Phil Reavis and Charlie Stead, tied for first in high jump at 6 feet 8 inches (see page 38).

BASEBALL

Ted Williams, Boston's temperamental outfielder who set long distance record for expectorating last year and, at 38, still one of baseball's top hitters (.345 BA, 82 RBI, 24 HR in 1956), signed for 16th season with Red Sox at usual \$100,000, highest paycheck in majors. Taking dead aim at critical Boston sportswriters, Williams forecast "a damn good season," reasoned, "I play baseball because I love the game ... but I also need the money."

HOCKEY

Boston edged Detroit 1-0 and tied Montreal 2-2 in stick-to-stick battles with leaders to trail first-place Red Wings by five points, Canadians by one in NHL. New York had best week in long time, upsetting Boston and Montreal and tying Chicago and Toronto to take over fourth place.

AUTO RACING

Dallas' Carroll Shelby, tromping down hard on throttle of John Edgar's 4.9 Ferrari, had another big day over 2.4-mile airport course at New Smyrna Beach, Fla., warming up with victory in 24-mile test and then averaging 87.56 mph to win 96-mile race and Sports Illustrated trophy. Named outstanding young driver: Lance Reventlow (son of Woodworth heiress Barbara Hutton), who was third in Maserati.

FOOTBALL

UST, decimated by PCC eligibility bans and hopefully seeking big name to attract stars legitimately, ended fruitless year-long search which carried retiring (to become athletic director) Coach Jess Hill to such obvious fountainheads of success as Oklahoma (Bud Wilkinson), Michigan State (Duffy Daugherty), and Syracuse (Ben Schwartzwalder), reluctantly settled on Hill's longtime assistant, Don Clark, who insisted on — and got — four-year contract at estimated \$17,500. Other job shifts: Michigan State End Coach Bob Devaney to Wyoming (see page 21); Ed Doherty, one-time (1947-1956) mentor at neighboring Arizona State at Tempe, to Arizona, where he plans to coach "the way football will be played 25 years from now."

BOXING

Joey Giardello, reformed middleweight bad boy who had punched his way back to No. 2 ranking, got unexpected opposition from

continued on next page

FOCUS ON THE DEED



RUSHING FOR HOME and \$42,300 prize, Summer Tan (right) pounds into stretch on way to handsome 3 1/2-length victory over Bardstown (center) in \$80,300 McLennan Handicap at Hialeah.



AIMING FOR GREEN, Bill Casper blasts into lead in second round of Tucson Open. Casper blew up with a 75 on last day, leaving Dow Finsterwald and Don Whitt in tie for first place.

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SCOREBOARD continued



Sharon Fladon, 13-year-old eighth grader from Dubuque, lifted many an eyebrow when she upset Joanne Goodwin before being eliminated in Palm Beach tournament won by Barbara Romack, who beat Mrs. Alice Dye 4 and 3.



Florindo (Porky) Vieira, stumpy 5-foot 6-inch Quinnipiac College sharpshooter, bombarded Brooklyn Poly with 68 points, added 38 against Paterson Teachers, boosting 13-game average to 85.4 to lead nation's small-college shooters.

5-1 underdog **Randy Sandy** was forced to finish fast and furiously to take 10-round split decision at Chicago. Philosphized overconfident **Giardello**: "A fighter is just like a race horse. Sometimes they can go and sometimes they can't."

Former Welterweight Champion **Tony DeMarco**, back in more friendly confines of hometown, punished two-time conquer **Gaspar** (Indian) Ortega with booming body blows to win 10-rounder at Boston.

FIGURE SKATING

Carol Heiss, sprightly 17-year-old New Yorker, decked out in devil-red costume topped by sequin crown, whirled through difficult spins and loops in freestyle, piled up more than enough points to win North American title at Rochester, N.Y. Men's winner: crew-cut **Dave Jenkins** of Colorado Springs, brother of retired Champion **Hayes Alan Jenkins**.

MILEPOSTS

BORN—To **Dr. Roger Bannister**, once fast-stepping runner who showed way to four-minute mile, now slower-moving London physician, and wife **Moyra**, an artist; their first child, a daughter; at London. Name: **Carol Erin Elver**. Weight: 7 lbs. 11 oz.

DIED—**William R. (Killer) Kene**, 45, give-no-quarter Navy football, baseball, track, boxing and wrestling star of early 1930s, World War II fighter pilot hero, commander of aircraft carrier *Saipan*; when TV-2 jet plane crashed near Augusta, Ga.

FOR THE RECORD

BOATING
PHILIPPO, skippered by **Collette Mitchell**, 126-m. Miami to Nassau race, on 28 Feb 28 corrected time. **COMANCHE**, skippered by **Jack Price**, 30 m. Nassau Cup, on 7 Feb 33 corrected time.

FORESLIDING
HANS ZOLLER (SLED Switzerland), world 4-man title, with 5:11.45 for 4 heats, St. Moritz. **STAN BENHART** (SLED, Lake Placid, N.Y.), 4-man U.S. AAU title, with 4:49.8 for 4 heats (Lake Placid).

BOXING
CHARLES HUMEZ (3-round TKO over Pat McAtee), to retain European middleweight title, Paris. **GARNETT (SUGAR) ART**, 7-round TKO over Perry Arizon, welterweight, New York. **ELIABO MARINO**, 10-round TKO over Bobby Garchoan, featherweight, New York.

DOG SHOWS
ON PARADE OF QUALITY HILL, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Shyne, Washington, D.C., best of breed, American Border Club specialty show, New York. **ON PARADE OF QUALITY HILL** (Rushford), owned by Mrs. Irvin Tucker, best in show, Cudd's, London.

GOLF
PAY CROCKER, Uruguay, Miami Beach women's tournament, with 143 for 36 holes.

HORN RACING
TERRANO, 557-890 San Antonio N. 1.1.8 m. by 5/16 length, on 1.47.2.5 (track record), Santa Anita 16-mile Velocycle up.

RACINGS
CHARLES PEARSON, Philadelphia, near Clarence Fell N., 10-15, 15-5, 15-3, 15-10, with title New York.

SKIING
ARTIE HERRING, Finland, with team of 285 N. Steamboat Springs (Gale) Winter Carnival.

SPED SKATING
YEA ARTAMANOVA, Russia women's world title, with 207.500 pts., Moscow, Finland.

TENNIS
PANOS SEOURA, U.S., over Frank Seigman, 7-5, 6-3, 6-4 Australian pro tournament, Sydney.



NOSE-GRABBING midget wrestler puts his heart in his work during show which attracted 19,300 to Madison Square Garden.



MOTOR-HEFTING Miss Dreamboat, in private life Jennie Benches, displays her versatility at Chicago Boat Show opening.

Racing form

The slightly tipped waist, slash pockets, and a high, buttoned vent add the proper classic look to Gordon of Philadelphia's new Turtl Jacket. It is a comfortably lightweight blend of Dacron and cotton by Galt and Lord—in muted Desert Cheesecake against a contrast in Cambridge gray ground. About \$12.95. Matching solid color trousers. About \$15.95.



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SNOW PATROL

compiled by MORT LUND

SPOT TO SKI: SUGARLOAF

Elevation 1,590 to 4,237 feet; average snow depth 4 to 6 feet; average yearly snowfall 12 feet; skiers last year 20,600; season Dec. 15-April 30

For New Englanders who find the established ski centers a bit too busy on weekends, Sugarloaf Mountain, 17 miles out of Kingfield, Maine, provides a fine, uncrowded ski weekend. Just two years old, the 6,350-foot tandem T bars reach the Sugarloaf snow fields, a timber-free area to which skiers have been climbing for years for alpine-type skiing. From the top T bar, the three-mile Tote Road carries intermediates down 1,990 vertical feet to the warming hut and cafeteria. For the good skier, Sluice and Narrow Gauge drop away fast and steep to the halfway station on the T bar (right) where they run out more gently to the mountain base. Tips: from Boston, it's



215 miles, 150 of them along thoroughways. There are some good buys in lodging available: Deer Farm Camps on the road to Kingfield offers large cabins for \$8 with two meals; Herbert Hotel in Kingfield, \$5, without meals; Sugarloaf Inn on the road to Kingfield (dormitory style), \$6, two meals; Arnold Trail Inn at Stratton, \$3, two meals. Full rental equipment and well-stocked ski store on hand. The ski school is headed by Bill Briggs.

AS OF FEBRUARY 10

Nothing is as changeable as the weather, so be sure to telephone resorts for latest reports

TD—top slopes, depth in inches; BD—bottom slopes, depth in inches; CR—ski crowd last weekend; SN—inches of snowfall last weekend

★ EAST

Sugarloaf, Maine: Fast skiing on lower half of mountain, upper lift closed. Bright Norwegian swains setting new trend here. Ski school teaching Western. TD 20-22, BD 6, CR 1,200, SN 8.

Lac Beauport, Que. Best skiing of the season here, with powder show the rule. TD 35, BD 30, CR 1,600, SN 4.

Mr. Tremblant, Que. Skiing very good on Snow and Ryan's Run after weekend snow. Quebec Kandahar here March 2, 3. TD 9-16, BD 4-28.

Mr. Jenson, Que. Skiing good to excellent on Abitibi and Castor. Heavy Indian caribags popular. TD 27, BD 13, CR 600, SN 5.

Stowe, Vt. Lead Trail good. Skiing excellent. New snow opened Liftline and lower Natural. TD 16-24, BD 5-15, CR 1,000, SN 4-5.

Pice Peak, Vt. Survey of 91 skiers here found 41 with safety bindings. The old Sun Valley short-vise car has disappeared in favor of old cage or headlamps. BD 0-18, TD 0-10, CR 796.

Mr. Snow, Vt. Only Canyon and Lodge trails open, plus Mixing Bowl. New beginners' double chair in operation. TD 20-30, BD 10-20, CR 2,500, SN 4.

Mad River Glen, Vt. Skiing good. Ski instructors wearing new type tennis boot laces made by W. & R. Proton Elastic Band Co.

Mr. Crammers, N.H. Six inches of snow opened all slopes. TD 4-15, BD 5-14, CR 3,500.

Canaan Mt., N.H. Upper and middle T bars closed, though new snow made skiing better.

★ MIDWEST

Terry Peak, S. Dak. No new snow, but cold temperatures kept base from deteriorating. Conditions good. TD 36-48, BD 30-45, CR 1,000, SN 0.

Mr. Tolson, Wis. Skiing good. TD 5, BD 12, CR 1,200, SN 2.

Mr. Wils., Wis. Barth Run popular. Open slopes provided best skiing. Wausau High School team train leaves in State Prep downhill and slalom meet. TD 4, 5, BD 4-5, CR 600, SN 1.

★ WEST

Sun Valley, Idaho: All runs open, with powder or packed powder skiing. Alaska skiers with full zipper showing up. Baldy 41, Roundhouse 34 Valley 25, SN 6.

Aspen, Colo. Thaw and freeze left trails hard

packed. Blizzard skis becoming more popular. TD 74, BD 33, Dippy Doodle 84, 74.

Alta, Utah: Skiing excellent with some wind crust, 80% warning safety bindings here: 40% Ski Patrol, 15% S&B.

Tan, N. Mex. Skiing excellent. Sno-Cat not being used on high slopes because of avalanche danger. Skiers using Silvercreek via plane in combination with Tyroha front show. TD 80-85, SN 6, CR 250.

Santa Fe, N. Mex. Biggest crowds in history during week. TD 14-48, BD 6-36.

Big Mountain, Mont. Heaviest snowfall of the season made brush running and open-slope touring especially choice. TD 58-70, SN 35.

★ FAR WEST

Sagehen Pass, Wash. Snow and hail over weekend, but skiing good. TD 25, BD 76, CR 5,000, SN 2-10.

Mr. Becker, Wash. Deep powder on Pan Face and Heather Trail. New Razerzone Canyon racecourse great success. Style is cashmere turtleneck, skiis under bulky avalanche sweaters. TD 135, BD 160.

White Pass, Wash. PNRA skiers here March 2-4. TD 75, BD 85, CR 1,300, SN 3.

Mr. Hood, Ore. At Timberline, skiing good. TD 135, BD 115, SN 35. Clear sunny weather with best snow of year at Govt. Camp. TD 60, BD 72, CR 4,000, SN 20.

Grease Mt., B.C. Heavy snow packed down to give best skiing of year. TD 115.

Sugar Bowl, Calif. All runs open and excellent. TD 104, BD 72, SN 12, CR 2,200.

Squaw Valley, Calif. Skiing good on all trails. Reservations at lodge full for the coming week. TD 100, BD 18, SN 12.

Mammoth Mt., Calif. Packed powder, skiing excellent. TD 90, BD 76, CR 900, SN 22.

Mr. Shantz, Calif. Excellent. Six inches of powder. TD 54, CR 600.

Mr. Lasser, Calif. Excellent. No ice. Intercollegiate meet here Feb. 23-24.

Newbury Valley, Calif. Skiing improving with every snow. TD 40, BD 32, CR 2,500.

Yosemite, Calif. All runs open and good, all two operating. On timberline Look Ski has opened for season. TD 48, BD 40, CR 5,000, SN 3.

Mr. Bailey, Calif. Run washed area out except for beginners' T bar. Need as much snowfall to operate. TD 9-12, CR 2,400, SN 4.

GOLFERS—PLEASE NOTE!

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TIP FROM THE TOP



Especially for
women golfers

from **SHERLEY SPORN**, Tamarisk Country Club, Palm Springs, Calif.

It's a golfing fact that women take more lessons than men but, unlike men, almost never practice by themselves. This is a mistake. Only by constant practice—and this often means solitary practice, necessarily—can a person consolidate into his or her swing the various points brought out in lessons. Furthermore, independent practice away from the instructor will give a player the confidence without which it is impossible to play a really good round of golf.

On the practice tee, the ladies would do well to observe these check points:

- 1) At intervals throughout practice, before addressing the ball, run through three complete swings without stopping. This gets the swing in a definite pattern and establishes a sense of balance which is even more important for a woman than a man.
- 2) Always start practice with a short iron, never with a driver. A short iron sets the basic pattern of the swing as effectively as a longer-shafted club and instills confidence. A series of bad strokes with a longer club can short-circuit the entire practice session.
- 3) Make sure the toe of the club head is pointed at the ground both at the top of the backswing and at the finish of the follow-through. These positions are hallmarks of any good swing.



Shirley Sporn's club head points to the ground at top of backswing (left) and at finish of follow-through (right)

NEXT WEEK'S PRO: ART WALL ON THE DELICATE CHIP

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HOW THE NAVY GOT ITS PUNCH

Refereeing a tournament at sea, fighting his own bloody battle in France, sparring with the brass, Spike Webb shows the spirit he brought to Navy

by NARDI REEDER CAMPION

WHEN SPIKE WEBB retired in June 1954, after 35 years' service as the Naval Academy boxing coach, Fleet Admiral William F. Halsey sent a wire to Webb saying, "The Naval Academy will not be the same without you."

And there is no doubt in anyone's mind that Webb's departure from the Academy was heartfelt. At a dinner given in his honor in May of that year, some 200 Naval officers of all ranks paid tribute to him as the Grand Old Man of Amateur Boxing and the world's most successful Olympic boxing coach. But perhaps more important to Webb than the speeches was the silver trophy he held in his hands. It represented the Navy's highest praise. Engraved were the words: "Well done."

Webb became so much a part of Navy life during his career that he was a frequent participant in the midshipmen's summer training cruises. All told, he sailed nine times with his boys. "In giving a 'rezoom' of my life," says Webb, "I've got to tell about those cruises."

On shipboard Webb supervised athletics, organized Happy Hour boxing tournaments and trained the Navy football team. On the side, he did a great deal of deep-sea fishing, some of it through the porthole with the line tied around his ankle while he dozed off on his bunk. Webb says he caught his biggest fish—a yellowtail—while asleep in Guantánamo Bay.

When Webb was cruising on the old *Arkansas*, he organized a boxing tournament aboard that ship and the *Florida*. The two battleships were plowing

across the Atlantic together. The finals were held on the *Florida*. Webb was scheduled to referee, but the water was too rough to send him over. The admiral came up with what seemed to be the perfect solution: Webb would climb to the crow's nest with a pair of binoculars and a signalman and referee from there. Then the two battleships were brought within 300 yards of each other.

At the end of each bout, all eyes on the *Florida* looked to the top of the *Ark*. Spike scrawled the decision on a scrap of paper and handed it to the sailor who wigwagged the message to the crowd around the ring. Reporting the tournament later, Dan Parker wrote in his column in the *New York Daily Mirror*: "Spike occupied the ideal position for a referee—out of reach."

During Webb's 35 years at the Naval Academy every one but the superintendent sampled one of his practical jokes. Spike's favorite victim was Signor Generoso Pavese, the excitable fencing coach, whom Spike nicknamed Chichibabuchi. Once Webb sent the fencer's left shoe to the cobbler and had it raised a quarter of an inch. Chichi limped around for several weeks thinking he had ruptured himself.

Chichibabuchi's prize possession was a fine English derby. Every morning he would fondle the hat lovingly before placing it in his locker. One day Webb sneaked in a substitute derby. Then at noon he jerked open the locker door and, before the thunderstruck Chichi, he threw the derby on the floor and jumped up and down on it. It took

two coaches to subdue the rapier-waving Italian and rescue Webb from his refuge on the rafters.

A few days later, when Chichibabuchi was leaving for a fencing meet at West Point, Webb "doctored" his suitcase. Chichi hurried in, grabbed the suitcase and fell flat on his face. The Italian, his thunderous temper in full blast, ripped the bag open, expecting to find it loaded with pig iron. Webb, however, had been more thoughtful. He had nailed the suitcase to the floor.

THE son of an Irish mailman, Spike Webb was born in Baltimore in 1889. He was christened Hamilton Murrell Webb, but after knocking out an opponent at the old Eureka Athletic Club, he was rechristened by Hughie Jennings, the great Baltimore shortstop. "That left of yours is like a marlinpike, kid," said Hughie. "From now on, your name is Spike Webb."

There were seven kids in the Webb family. Webb was the only boy. "I was 10 when I started to work summers in a cotton mill, sweeping cotton. Hours: 6:30 a.m. to 6 p.m. Pay: \$10 per month. But I enjoyed it. The hanging of the looms and the rattle of the shuttles were music to my ears. Somehow, this job made me see the importance of hustling. After the sixth grade I quit school and went to work in earnest.

"When I was 24 I became athletic director at West Park Recreation Centre. A very rugged district. The first day a real roughneck bully walks across the basketball court in street shoes. I tell him to get off, but he laughs. Everyone



WEBB IS STILL AS FAMILIAR TO THE ACADEMY AS THE "ENTERPRISE" HALL IN FRONT OF BANKRUPT HALL, LARGEST DORMITORY IN WORLD

gets quiet, waiting to see what the new director will do. I walk out on the court and light into him with both fists. He wilts like a morning glory in July.

"Late that night the bully's two thug brothers get a gang of mill hands and wait for me in front of the Centre. Some have rocks, others have clubs. The policeman comes in the Centre and offers to go with me to the street-car line. I say, 'Hell, no. If I can't get to the trolley on my own tonight, I'll never do it.'

"I walk out of the Centre. The gang is standing around the lamppost. I go right up to them and say, 'I'll fight any one of you in a fair fight with fists.' This sort of sets them back. Then I

give a talk on sportsmanship and tell them I am an old Hampden-Woodberry boy who, like them, had worked in the mills and had come back to help them make good in life. When I finish, nothing happens.

"Then, one by one, they throw away their rocks and clubs. I walk to the trolley and they follow along. Nobody says anything. When I get on the trolley, they let loose with a big cheer. This gang became the greatest friends a man ever had. When I read about bad kids I often think about them. How tough is tough, anyhow?"

Young Webb was a natural athlete. He was very fast and he had great endurance. While he was holding the job

at the Centre, he won a foot race between Baltimore and Washington, covering the 45-mile course in six hours and 12 minutes. One incredulous reporter, proclaiming that the only thing that could make that run was a train, asked Webb, "Did you walk any?"

"Hell, no," said Webb. "I ran. It was a race."

When the U.S. entered World War I, young Webb called a patriotic meeting at the West Park Recreation Centre. As a result 427 boys enlisted, and a few days later Webb received a letter of commendation from Secretary of War Newton D. Baker.

Webb has always been a leader of

continued on next page



Countering a jab:
Webb returns to body after slipping left lead



Avoiding a hook:
Webb backs right foot, twists away

SPIKE WEBB

continued from page 55

men. He possesses the No. 1 requisite of leadership: he is vitally concerned about the people he leads.

Webb, however, has not been a leader with the ladies. "I never married. I've been in love plenty, but never got round to it—a hell of a mistake. Went out for a while with a beautiful girl. Gave her a lot of my trophies, but still she wouldn't marry me. I don't know why. I took her to every boxing match and all the other athletic events too."

Webb enlisted and was sent to Camp McClellan, Ala. "Right away I'm put to work cleaning around the garbage cans," he said recently. "Two soldiers come along and start messing up my work. Naturally, I jump in and beat hell out of them. A staff car pulls up, and Major General Nossy [Charles G.] Morton steps out. 'Report to me at 9 tomorrow,' says he."

"I thought I was gettin' court-martialed. Couldn't sleep all night. And what do you think that damn general said? 'Webb, I hear you're quite a fighter. I am making you boxing coach of the 29th Division. I want every officer and enlisted man to know the 10 basic blows, same as he knows the 10 general orders. If a man won't fight with boxing gloves, he won't fight with a bayonet.'"

Webb set up shop and actually taught 28,000 Army men to box. "It

was the biggest boxing class on record," he says proudly.

General Morton was delighted and took Webb to France. Overseas, Webb rose to fame, not as a boxing instructor who just conditioned the boys and then wished them well, but as a leader who grabbed a rifle after the training period and went into action with his pupils. It was at this time that an antiaircraft gun exploded near Webb's ear, eventually causing his deafness. Today he wears a hearing aid.

While he was fighting in France, Webb was cheered on by 50 letters from Baltimore school children, winners of a citywide "Write Spike Webb" contest, which was run by the Baltimore Department of Parks. Spike carried these letters all through the fighting and in the Argonne Forest. He still has them.

When the 29th was ordered to Verdun, Webb met his toughest opponent. The town had been laid low, and the canteen of the citadel was deep underground. It was a dank place, with a stone floor and sweating walls. The oil lamps gave uncertain illumination, while German shells moaned overhead. It was in this weird setting that Webb challenged Charley Lesdoux, a captain in the French army and later bantam-weight champion of Europe.

The two men slugged each other mercilessly. In the first few rounds Lesdoux hit Webb with everything he had and knocked him down twice. One blow was so wicked that Webb thought

a German shell had landed on the citadel. But in the later rounds Spike unleashed his lethal left, and Lesdoux went down. "He was hurt," Webb remembers, "but he fought back, game as a badger."

At the end of the 10th round, the agreed length of the fight, the referee called it a draw—and then Lesdoux bought *rin rouge* for the crowd. "This was my greatest professional fight," Webb says, "though I didn't receive a franc for it."

When probably could have pursued any one of a number of sports, but he fell in love with boxing first, and it became his life. His career as a professional boxer was abetted by a shy Negro who walked into his dressing room after one of his early bouts and said, "Listen, boy, you're a lefty, and lefties always have a pretty rough time. Why not try putting your left hand and left foot up forward and see what happens?"

"Thanks," muttered Webb, paying little attention.

After the man left, Webb's manager said, "Do you know who that was? That was Joe Gans."

For the next month Webb pounded a flour sack with his left foot and left hand forward. He never again boxed from a southpaw stance, and he saw to it that all of his left-handed pupils switched to the position Gans had showed him. Webb rates Gans, who was then lightweight champion of the

FOUR FUNDAMENTALS



*Right hook:
Webb counters to body after slipping a right*



*Left jab:
Webb shoots his classic punch*

world, as the greatest fighter of all time, and feels he owes a great debt to him.

In coaching, Webb has always emphasized the left hand. He has been so successful with a jabbing, hooking left that he taught it to his boxers. "An educated left is the most important thing in boxing," Webb says. This was the valuable lesson he taught Gene Tunney. Hour after hour he worked away on Tunney's left hand until Tunney developed his famous one-two punch which eventually made him a champion. He also taught Tunney his "snap-away step," which is a sort of backwards foxtrot step. "Gene used that powerful left hand against Dempsey," Webb says, "hanging away, keeping Jack off balance, then crossing that right. That's what won his fights."

All the best boxers, Webb emphasized, realize the importance of the left hand. "Benny Leonard and Kid Kaplan knew this," says Webb. "Joe Louis knew it too. Joe was a great big wonderful boxer. He had the best defensive left I ever saw."

"But the fighters today just aren't as good as they used to be. The exception is Floyd Patterson. He isn't like the rest. I knew Patterson in 1952 when he was an amateur. He was very impressive then. I remember he was fighting one of my boys in the Olympic trials. He hit my boy, and hang! my boy is flat on his back, looking at the stars. That Patterson is a boxer and slugger all rolled up in one pill.

Dynamite in both fists. Dynamite."

Webb traces many of this nation's ills to the decline of intercollegiate boxing. One of his real personal tragedies was the day in April 1941 when he picked up a newspaper and discovered that the Naval Academy had, without his vote, dropped intercollegiate boxing. (Presumably the reason Spike was not consulted is that he had already made his low opinion of this move very clear.)

"There used to be over 70 boxing teams competing in the eastern and southern colleges," Spike says nostalgically. "Now we are down to about 17 in the whole country."

Webb shared President Eisenhower's reaction to *The Report That Shocked the President* (SI, Aug. 15, 1955) that reported on the physical unfitness of American youth, and he and the President corresponded on the appalling situation.

"Hell," says Spike, "the boys of today should be fit. We don't give the kids a chance to use their muscles. And now that colleges have so little intercollegiate boxing—holly smoke!—no wonder the President is worried! Boxing is the most he-man contact sport we've got. What this country needs today more than anything else is a straight left and a right hook."

The reasons for the demise of intercollegiate boxing are varied, but many answers pivot on the matter of injuries. Captain T. S. King, director of athletics at the Naval Academy when inter-

collegiate boxing was abolished, stated: "Boxing stands alone, in all recognized sports, where the final objective is the incapacitating of an opponent. In other sports incapacity is a possibility, but it is definitely not the objective."

Eddie LaFond of Catholic University traces the trouble to the mismatches that came with subsidization. "Some of our colleges brought in boys who had 'amateur' experience of 60 or 70 bouts. Billy Soose is an example. After he dropped out of Penn State, he won the professional middleweight title."

LaFond adds another cause for the collapse. "The system of hiring coaches was shaky. Colleges that had a Spike Webb, Roy Simmons (Syracuse), Johnny Walsh (Wisconsin), Ike Deeter (Washington State), Al York (Virginia), or a Mosley King (Yale) did a great job, but many times some professor who knew little of boxing was made coach, and the mistakes he made often led to the sport's being dropped."

Few people share Webb's faith that intercollegiate boxing will come back, but he sticks to it. He recalls that in 1919 when the Penn State boxers and the Penn boxing team clashed in the first intercollegiate boxing competition, colleges welcomed the chance to promote the sport. "The next year Navy sent me up to observe the Penn-Penn State match. I came back and said we could lick any of them teams. I wrote a lot of stories for the papers and answered a lot of letters from

continued on next page

SPIKE WEBB

continued from page 57

different colleges that wanted to start boxing, and soon Virginia, West Point, Colgate, Pitt, Yale, Dartmouth and many others got into the intercollegiate competitions.

"Boxing develops courage and self-reliance, and gives all boys a chance to shine, regardless of size and weight. The U.S. Navy understands the value of it. Even though the Academy is temporarily out of the intercollegiate, a midshipman can't graduate unless he passes the required course in boxing.

"As for all that injury stuff, there are many more injuries in a sport like football than in boxing. In boxing today there are 12 ways to prevent being hit and only one way to deliver a blow. A smart boxer can win a fight without a mark on him. If every man learned a few simple boxing methods he would never fear attack. Once a boxer enters a fight, the rough-and-tumble artist is the loser."

What does it take to make a great coach? "Talk plain American language!" Webb says. "A coach has to get his ideas inside the boy's skull. A great coach is a keen observer who has 40 ways of saying the same thing, and he knows how to tailor his remarks to fit each boy. Look, a great coach makes his boys want to win.

"The greatest coach I ever saw in any sport was Johnny LaRowe, who piloted Virginia's boxing for 19 years. A hound's tooth of a man, with a nose like a beagle, high cheekbones like an Indian and a mouth which stuck out as if he were going to say something mean (which he never did), Johnny was a warm, kindhearted man who knew how to get the best out of an athlete. He had quick eyes, a quicker mind, and his boxers fought for him."

Spike Webb's own success as a boxing teacher is his wholehearted belief in the importance of what he is doing, his ability to communicate this belief to others and his unlimited energy. Spike used to box every midshipman

on the squad two or three rounds every day, and there were 28 of them. Bantamweight, middleweight, heavyweight—he took them all on. He weighed only 135 pounds, but he was so fast that the boys had trouble hitting him at all.

Colonel Heinie Miller, for many years boxing coach at the University of Maryland, says, "When you see boxers from heavyweight to bantamweight using the same style of attack, the same straight left, the same right hook, the same tactics 'inside,' you can be certain that their coach is a real instructor who is getting the message home to his pupils. Spike Webb is that kind of teacher. His fighters always had the same style."

Spike Webb has made a real contribution to the morale and fighting spirit of the United States Navy. He brags shamelessly about the fact that 53 boxers were decorated during World War II.

"Two of my best fighters got the Congressional Medal of Honor—Johnny Powers, God rest his soul, and Bruce McCandless. Of course, boxers make great fighting men out in the Fleet. I can name a list of boxers who have—Rear Admiral Harry Henderson, Rear Admiral Mickey O'Regan, Rear Admiral "Bat" Cruise, Rear Admiral Bobby Goldthwaite, Captain "Moon" Chapple, Captain Dick Andrews, Captain Dick Ballinger, Captain Hank Miller, Captain Jack Blitch, Captain Eddie Burke, Captain Johnny Fitzgerald, Captain Slade Cutter, Captain Jim Dempsey, Colonel Rivers Morrell, to name only one or two—my boys, last time I counted, had won 25 Navy Crosses, 16 Silver Stars, 23 Legion of Merits, 15 Distinguished Flying Crosses and many, many other decorations for gallantry in action."

At Webb's retirement banquet one admiral spoke for a legion of Naval Academy graduates when he said, "Spike couldn't give us courage, but he helped us to find the courage we had, and that is one of life's great discoveries."

Thirty of Webb's boxers were killed in action during World War II, and it still hurts him to speak of it. "One day I was sitting in my office and a Marine walked in. 'You Spike Webb?' he says. 'I got a message for you, and I've come a long way to deliver it. It's from Ken Brown, class of '41. We were in the Pacific together. He was a captain in the Marines. Ken made me promise if he was killed I'd go to Spike Webb and tell him how he died. Mr. Webb, he died fighting.'" **END**



WEBB MEETS FLOYD, "a fighter with dynamite in both fists," at 1957 New York Boxing Writers dinner where Heavyweight Patterson won the Fighter of the Year award.

RUGBY: THE U.S. SPIRIT

Sir:

I cannot let the evening go by without writing to tell you how much I enjoyed Alce Waugh's article on Rugby (SI, Feb. 4). It troubles me to hear him speak of it only as an English game. I think some of the East and West Coast colleges should extend to Mr. Waugh an invitation to visit their athletic fields during a spring weekend. I think he would be pleased at the dash and the skill with which the game is played in this country. The spirit that he talks of in his article is evident also in America during and after the game, though the post-game absence of "heavy tea with fruit cake" may disturb Mr. Waugh somewhat.

Although I saw the last of my Rugby fields as I was carried off one on a stretcher, I will agree with Mr. Waugh that it is not a dangerous game, although a rough one.

Though the sport is not recognized formally in most eastern universities, it is pursued with far more enthusiasm than most recognized sports.

As Mr. Waugh knows, American "Rugger" cannot shake the American football training out of their systems, and the crashing tackles and the constant desire to block make the game a slightly more hazardous one. Perhaps this and the seeming American apathy for postcollege team sports limit the occasions for "Rugby every Saturday."

HOOKER TALCOTT JR.

New York

RUGBY: OUT OF THIS WORLD

Sir:

Mr. Waugh says, when you walk off a Rugby field for the last time, you walk out of the world of Rugby.

Something of the same sort could be said for our game of football. After high school and college football, what the hell! Most of us still want to play the game but what about our conditions?

About three years ago, when I was 29, a group of 11 older fellows got together to play our high school alma mater. We ranged in age from 18 to 40. The game lasted for 2 1/2 and a half hours. There were no quarters and no halves. When a tackle was made, no lined up and kicked off again. The final score was 26 to 6 in favor of the oldtimers. To show the caliber of the team we played, they went on to win their conference title undefeated.

Since that time I have been wanting to put on a suit and play one more game. After reading Mr. Waugh's article, the realization struck me that my days of playing are over. The odds are that never again will I pull on shoulder pads; ask the fellow next to me to pull my jersey over my shoulder pads; smell a twig in the locker room; walk easy on the concrete with cleats for fear of falling; trail out on a floodlighted football field with a touch of frost on the air; make a bruising clean tackle that I know is all mine alone; burst through the tackle position with head down for 10 yards; drop the halfback with a four-yard loss; pull off my helmet with sweat drenched on my head; let the hot shower sing my flesh in a feeling of well-being; crawl between the cool, clean sheets with a sort of ache, yet a feeling of having accomplished something.

When I stand on the scales, I know that part of my life is gone forever. They were happy days and it was with nostalgia I read and enjoyed the article.

D. W. BOBBY

Pasco, Wash.

RUGBY: TIME FOR A CHANGE

Sir:

If Alce Waugh thought so much of Rugby as a winter sport, why did he write *I found it in the Sun* with such conviction?

STAN OROGOW

Yorkton, Sask.

• Mr. Waugh's *Island in the Sun* is a fictional account of colonial politics, which is mostly an indoor sport. —ED.

TENNIS: DO YOU NOT SEET

Sir:

I must respectfully disagree with you on your proposal for an "open" tournament for amateurs and professionals both (E&D, Feb. 4). What you propose would undoubtedly help professional tennis, but I can't follow your reasoning that it would benefit the amateur game.

It seems to me that the reason we haven't kept the Davis Cup is that our top amateurs so frequently turn pro. Do you think that if Gonzales and Trabert, for example, had remained amateurs we would have lost the cup?

Do you not see that if an open tournament should be approved by the amateur association the professionals would gain most of the benefits and the amateur sport would greatly suffer?

How many amateurs finished in the first 20 in the last big open golf tournament? More, not fewer, amateurs would be rusted away from Davis Cup ranks.

RALPH WESTBENT

Twin Lakes, Wis.

• Open tournaments might do much to ensure a brighter future for U.S. tennis by raising the competitive standards of amateur players who are now protected by USLTA sanction from having to face up to the best players in the game and by drawing more gifted youngsters into the game. —ED.

RULES: NEW COMMAND

Sir:

As a former harassed factotum in baseball among young (though informed) Americans playing baseball on our sandlots, and also as a coach familiar with umpires unable to read the present rules, I suggest respectfully (as I love the U.S. Navy) that commandeur Rear Admiral Gallery (*Play Baseball by the Rules?* N&D SI, Feb. 4) be added to a committee to revise the rules book.

REV. THOMAS D. O'DONNELL, S.M.
Minneapolis

RULES: AT SEA

Sir:

Admiral Daniel Gallery has apparently spent too many summer months at sea and confused an *at* page



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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

1916
HOLE

continued from page 59

has thereby missed seeing any ball games.
His impression on judging "fair and foul"
balls is all wet—with salt water, I presume.
The rules, as stated in the rule book, are
enforced exactly as stated and not as Gal-
lery would have us believe.

Fritz Minuth

Palos Heights, Ill.

TRACK: QUICK WORK

Sirs:

After seeing SI's coverage (SI, Feb. 4)
of the Dave Sims-Ira Murchison 50-yard
sprint final at the Philadelphia Inquirer
Meet, I thought I would add fuel to the fire
by submitting another view of the disputed
finish to a great race (see picture).

From this picture it appears that Murchison (right) was a step over the finish line
ahead of Sims (if Sims's left foot were in
the air shouldn't there be a distinct shadow
beneath it, similar to that under the foot of
the man third from right?).

How about a **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** cam-
paign to replace some of the tired old men
that wear the judges' monkey suits with
a reliable photo timer at the big meets?

William M. Smith

Philadelphia



WHO WON?

● See The Answer to "Who Won?" SI,
Feb. 11.—ED.

CAPRICE: DREAM SAILOR

Sirs:

Congratulations! Not once, but again
and again, on your terrific boat articles.
I was tempted to write you when your fas-
cinating article on the *Fastlane* came out
(SI, June 18, 1956), again when *The Vander-
bilt Story* came out (SI, Oct. 15, 22, 29,
Nov. 5, 1956), and now to top it all off—
A Sailor's Dream, the yawl Caprice (SI,
Jan. 21).

For one who doesn't live near the sea and
spends very little time with boats, I have
become an ardent fan on the subject. How-
ever, I enjoy practically every sport that
you cover and eagerly await the arrival of
each issue.

Phil Duncan

Tylerstown, Miss.

CAPRICE: HONEST OPINION

Sirs:

I sail out of the Detroit Yacht Club and
can honestly say that I haven't seen a boat
there or anywhere in the Great Lakes area
that has as many fine points as Fred Hil-
berd's Caprice.

Of great interest also was your series of
articles late last year on that truly great
sailor, Harold S. Vanderbilt.

Paul Hrenan

Detroit

CAPRICE: HOW YAWL LIKE THIS YETCHO

Sirs:

Mr. Frank D. Winder's words concerning
when is a yawl a ketch (1916 HOLE, Feb.
4), were very interesting, but confusing.

He states, "According to many authori-
ties, a yawl is a two-masted sailing vessel
in which the after, or mizzen, mast is
stepped off of the tiller, wheel or rudder
post." So far so good, but then he later
states, "It is folly to label a midship's cock-
pit sailing craft a yawl for the sole reason
that its mizzen is forward of the tiller."
That's so of Caprice—look at the picture.

Just shows you that all this talk about
after waterlines, centers of effort of the var-
ious sails, hull form, etc., etc., is confusing
to all, and I still like the old sailor's defini-
tion—quoted some years ago, I think, by
Alf (Spun Yarn) Loomis in *Yachting*—that
goes something like this: "A yawl is a two-
masted sailing vessel in which the little miz-
zen mast is stepped past the way back. A
ketch is a similar vessel in which the mizzen
is stepped on or just before the way back."
A very handy definition for us small-boat
sailors and landlubbers, particularly when
the yacht in question is at some distance
from the observer.

Maybe Caprice wouldn't qualify as a
yawl under the above definition, but if the
Hilberds say she's a yawl, so be it—it's
their boat. She looks more like a classic ex-
ample of a yetch to me.

HARRY LUND

Oshkosh, Wis.

FOOTBALL: MAN WANTED

Sirs:

It is indeed refreshing to read a story
about football such as *Pigskin at Penn: a
Real-life Drama* (SI, Jan. 28).

Here in Seattle, where they change
coaches faster than you can change a tire
(three in the last year), the football fan
must sit by and watch while alumni,
booster clubs, maledictors, players, news-
papers, radio and television make a sham-
bles of the game.

If there had been one man of the caliber
of Gaylord Harwell here in Washington, or
for that matter in the rest of the penalized
colleges in the Pacific Coast Conference, the
whole disgusting situation would never have
been able to develop.

LOUIS F. ARMSTRONG

Seattle

SKIING: COULD IT BE?

Sirs:

The Women's New York State Alpine
Championship was won by a Canadian girl.

The report of this meet in **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** (Jan. 28) is as follows: "Bill Woods,
National Combined Champ, won N.Y. State
Alpine Championship over the weekend
nosing out Tom Corcoran who won the
downhill race."

Could it be that you did not consider

there was sufficient competition in the ladies' event to be worthy of mention? A member of the U.S. Women's Olympic Team placed second to the winner in both downhill and slalom. Or could it be that you were influenced by the fact that the girl who won the downhill, slalom and combined was a Canadian?

H. L. HEGGVEIT

Ottawa, Ont.

• The young lady who that day won the women's slalom, women's downhill and women's combined was none other than Mr. Heggveit's daughter Anne (see picture) who, like her father before her, represented Canada in the winter Olympics. Anne Heggveit, then 17 years old, was the youngest Olympian at Cortina after winning at 15 the woman's giant slalom in Norway's Holmenkollen Ski Festival.—ED.



ANNE HEGGVEIT

GOLF: RIP Sirs:

Will you add this idea to what must already be a long list, for increasing revenues at golf clubs (Golf West of Calcutta, SL, Jan. 7):

Sell burial space to members. Cemeteries are such cold and dreary places. Wouldn't most of us golf mums really rest in pleasant peace under the cool sod of our favorite fairway? I remember a lovely eight-iron shot I hit two years ago, and it would satisfy me to be buried (no marker or headstone though) right where I made that shot. It was a beauty!

BILL WEBER

New York

TEATIME

SIR:

DON'T BE SO CASUAL ABOUT SCHRAFFT'S (18TH HOLE, FEB. 4). PROBABLY AMERICA'S MOST SUCCESSFUL RESTAURANT CHAIN, THEY ARE NOT REALLY TEASHOPS. IN MANY OF THEIR PLACES THEY SERVE THE FINEST MARTINI AND MANHATTANS.

J. B. CHERRY

DOUGLASTON, N.Y.

• True, but SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's editors observe strict training.—ED.

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WELL-BUILT miniatures have always had a fascination for automobile and boating fans. Now England and West Germany are contributing to a fast-growing collection of automobiles that run on batteries, of scale-model Grand Prix and sports cars, of outboard motors that will actually propel scale-model boats. One of the latest to come from England is the D Jaguar kit (\$1.95, R. Gordon & Co., 32 E. 59th St., New York 22). It is of heavy plastic in British racing green, measures 6 1/2 inches and is to exact scale. It's a cinch to build—only takes about an hour and a half. Gordon's also has an XK 120 Jaguar, spring-motor driven and German built (Framet), which has four forward gears and reverse and, most fascinating of all, a steering mechanism which gives it irregular and unpredictable automatic steering. The model is of a rust-proof metal alloy (35). The other miniatures illustrated here are typical of the many available: to authentic scale, precision—and most of them really work.

—FRED R. SMITH



PRECISION-ENGINE MOTOR

When assembled from its kit, this clear-plastic, German-made motor operates by crank handle, with all parts moving and sparkplugs firing in order. The clutch and gearshift work (\$24.50, Chabon Scientific Co., 411 Lincoln Bldg., New York 17).



TINY SPEEDSTER

This three-inch Ferrari operates on clock-spring motor, and its steering is adjusted by the "exhaust" screw. Rubber tip keeps it from marring furniture when it gets up to 20 mph (\$3.95, by Schuco, Frince Enterprises, 163 Park Ave., New York 17).



MODEL MG

This nine-inch MG TF is a sturdy plastic model made in Guildford, England. It's flashlight-battery driven, and its steering is adjusted by wheel; spare tire is forward and reverse switch (\$9.95, Model Craft Hobbies, 314 Fifth Ave., New York 1).



EASY OUTBOARD

This is one of smallest operating outboard motors made. It's in scale and will power a model boat when operated on anything from a three- to nine-volt battery. It's 4½ inches high, runs 1,850 rpm (\$3.95, Lincoln Products, 49 E. 41 St., New York 17).



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PAT ON THE BACK



GAIL DELOZIER

Named the girl athlete of the year in her home state of Kentucky, Gail at 14 gives promise of entering the portals of big-time tennis. Rated with the top 10 players in the country in the 15-and-under division and ranked as the South's top girl player by the Southern Lawn Tennis Association, she has some 45 trophies in her growing collection. Now a petite (5 feet, 3 inches) freshman at Louisville's Shawnee High School, Gail began playing tennis at the age of 10, received her first lessons from her father, a former college player at Virginia Polytechnic Institute.



MIKE RILEY

This young man of 11 has rolled up an enviable score in golf. Winner of 44 trophies in tournaments over regulation courses, he has already broken 80 a dozen times. A seventh-grader at Roosevelt Junior High School in San Diego, Mike started playing golf when he was 5. San Diego Junior Golf Association named him junior golfer of 1956 with an average score of 80.6.

GARY SIMONSON

An enforced year's vacation from active sports because of rheumatic fever was turned to victory by this 11-year-old from Lake Terrill, Wash. Gary took up trapshooting, and since last June has walked off with 10 awards, including some won in competition against adults. His sights are currently set on the national junior championships this summer at Vandala, Ohio.



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